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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

The Birthday Of Man o'War

On March 29 the twenty-seventh birthday of Man o'War was celebrated. There were the usual eulogistic notices in the turf and daily press. Faraway Farm entertained the usual increased influx of visitors; and all persons more than sordidly interested in the Thoroughbred paused upon the thought of this now-patriarchal monarch of his species and once more experienced a feeling of gladness and self-gratulation that it has been their lot to live in the same time with him and, in so many cases to have seen and known him.

For—make no mistake about it—Man o'War is one of those marvels of nature which she bestows upon us only at the rarest intervals and with, it would seem, a somewhat grudging hand.

She is unwilling to disclose the full extent of her powers of creation with any frequency. As the old poet so well said, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform"—and if we are truly reverent, to us God and nature, or God in nature, are synonymous and indissoluble.

There is, on that account, always something mysterious about supreme

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Ideal Stock Farm

I had always admired the method employed by the Alex Mackay Smiths at Farnley, the lack of frills in any form, yet the general feeling of stable, lasting construction stirred memories of my young days in England.

Last week I made a trip to White Post primarily to see the ponies, so that I might write an article about them for this issue. Previously I had gone down there to sell rough oak dimension lumber, cut from my own farm, for their construction projects. The real extent of the thoroughness of the organization never really struck me till now, when I had time to look around with an eye to seeing what was going on.

Of course the chestnut oak rails, cut from a few hundred acres which the Farnley owners have in the mountains, make an instant impression, from a fencing man's point of view. The construction is solid, stout wire is used to bind, space is closed up between rails, broken rails are immediately replaced. The gates are hung so that they can be handled

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Ponies Help Solve Gasoline Problems At Great Run Farm

Warrenton Owner Brings 'Em Up With Velvet Mouths And Parlor Manners

"I have raised and handled a great many ponies for many years. I am confident when I say that it has been the greatest fun and most intensely interesting to me. I find ponies so much more pleasurable and easier to enjoy and handle than are horses, both for driving, care and grooming. This is especially true now, with our existing gasoline shortage.

To me an especial charm is in actually driving them on trips to the town, where I am able to leave them tied up to a telegraph pole or even the bumper of a parked automobile. I can leave them without fear that they will become restless, sit back out of fear, or do the many things that so often happen when horses are used—the usual consequence being that one is left on foot.

There are just 7 of them on the place at present, maybe a brief account of them and their uses may be interesting, now when ponies are indeed doing their "bit", in replacing the runabout or other small car.

There are a pair that drive single or double, both blacks and well matched.

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Welsh Ponies Are Claimed Best For Riding Or Driving

Captain Bassett Finds This Type Better Fitted For Use In This Country

Captain Charles K. Bassett of Buffalo, New York made an importation of Welsh ponies into the States in the fall of 1937. There were, 1 stallion and 4 mares in the lot, which were selected personally by Capt. Bassett in the summer of 1937, when he was in Wales. They came from the Coed Coch Stud, of Abergale, North Wales, owner by Miss Margaret Broderick, then President of the Welsh Pony and Cob Society.

Capt. Bassett and his oldest son, Kingman, then 13 years of age, travelled 3,000 miles in England, Wales and Ireland by station wagon to acquaint themselves with the wild ponies of the British Isles. After looking them all over, they decided the Welsh ponies were the type best fitted for all around riding and driving use in America—they purchased accordingly.

Two of the mares imported were red roans and two were grays. The roans have been used as brood mares and several very likely colts have been raised from them. The two grays have been trained for showing, and have won many ribbons in pony

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Races Well Filled For Middleburg's Meeting Tomorrow

Final plans are being made for the four events at the Middleburg Hunt Race Association meeting tomorrow. Entries closed April 3 and all of the races have been well filled. The largest number of entries are in The Covert, about 1 mile on the flat. Fifteen horses have been named.

The Wanquepin, about 1½ miles over hurdles, will be the first race of the afternoon, starting at 3:00 p. m. The following entries have been made: Rokey Stables' Beamish Boy; I. Bieber's Shim Sham; William G. Jones' Bank Note; Montpelier's Cadie; P. D. Reid's Polly MacDun and Stanley T. Greene's War Port.

The 2nd race, The Covert, has the following entries: Rokey Stables' Beamish Boy and Rollo; Greentree Stables' On The Fence; I. Bieber's Shim Sham; Mrs. Crompton Smith's Flying Kilts; Montpelier's Susan Constant; M. A. Cushman's Link; Groton Stable's Salem, Watch Tiger and Fleet Admiral; Mrs. Fay Ingalls' Bay Night; Prospect Hill Farm's Jack Horner; Miss Peggy Squiers' Simmer On; C. E. Tuttle's Worst Luck and Brookmeade Stable's Delhi Dan.

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Oldest Pony Show

Nearly a quarter century ago, a group of children who had been riding together decided ambitiously to have a Pony show. They had called themselves the Pony Club and felt quite important meeting and jogging over the countryside near Warrenton carefully attended by Frank Helm, Mr. Maddux's able groom. Little Winifred Maddux was elected first President and the show consisted of seven classes and a race—all within the then smaller limits of the Horse Show ring.

It proved such a success that the youngsters got together, elected officers, made rules and thus the Warrenton Pony Show—the oldest in America came into being.

It grew yearly in size and importance till it has become now one of the regular scheduled events in the Virginia Show circuit. And the seven classes have enlarged till the entries number over five hundred.

An interesting feature is that yearly the children of the early members now exhibit and the grandsons and daughters of the first ponies to com-

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A Day With The Limerick

By DeCourcy Wright

It was always hard for me to tear myself away from the United Hunt in Co. Cork for whose Master and for the whole Field, I had developed a warm feeling of friendship, and with whom I had enjoyed the best of sport. Very rarely did I desert them. On one of those rare occasions, however, I stole away and went to Co. Limerick for a day with the Limerick Hounds, a very famous pack. They usually had a large Field in attendance, and many visitors from afar, due in part, perhaps, to the inn in the town of Adare, called the Dunraven Arms, which for hunting people was a very delectable resort. After a comfortable night, I set forth in the morning for the meet which was at a railroad station called Rossteam. There I met, not only the hounds and a Field of about seventy-five people, but also a well-made chestnut mare which was to be my mount for the day. I have always preferred to stick to one hunt most of the time, because in going from place to place, you may miss the best hunts everywhere. Yet there is considerable interest and excitement to be derived by those of adventurous disposition, by butting in among strangers to see if you can play their game with them. The trouble is to get yourself well-mounted on a hired horse. There are plenty of good ones if only you can find them, but then you do not know until the day is far spent, whether you have a good one or not. The mare I rode this day was very good, with but one fault. She would run away with you, going down hills. No doubt that was why she came to be a hireling.

We did not have many hills, at least not when horses were galloping, but those hills down which I did have to go at a gallop—well, my hair stood

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Hunting Notes:-



Team Work In A Hunt Staff

By A. Henry Higginson

A few weeks ago an ex-M. F. H. and a member of the Masters of Fox-hounds Association of America gave me the pleasure of coming out with the hounds of which I am a joint-master. I wish we had been able to show him a better day; but, at any rate it gave him an idea of the country, and a gallop, and he seemed to enjoy himself; for he said as much to me when we were talking the day over after we had come in. One remark of his interested me particularly. He said,—“I was much interested in seeing the way your Huntsman handled hounds in the field and the way your Whipper-in worked with him. I’ve never seen hounds hunted so close before—it was a revelation to me.”

I was somewhat puzzled. "Close," I said, "just what do you mean by 'close'?" "Well," he answered, "I've never seen hounds handled in just that way before; in fact, I've never seen hounds that could be handled as yours were. He gave them a great deal of help, didn't he? And your Whipper-in gave him a lot of help too. In fact they worked just like a team. I'm not used to that sort of thing. It's all quite new to me."

I explained to him something of the theory and practice of foxhunting as it is carried on in England, and as could be carried on in America too, by men who really know the art of foxhunting. I don't know whether I made myself quite clear to him or not—I'm afraid I didn't, because I'm inclined to think that I took a good deal for granted. I have studied many books on foxhunting, which were written by Englishmen and learned pretty much everything I know about the art from English Huntsmen; so that I take the team work which exists between Huntsman, Whippers-in, and hounds as a matter of course, and perhaps fail to realize that there is another way of doing things in America.

Since my guest went away I have thought a good deal about this, and because I have seen foxes hunted this winter under very similar conditions to those which usually obtain in America, with considerably greater success (as regards the actual killing of foxes) than I have ever seen accomplished by any American pack. I have given the matter a great deal of thought and have come to the conclusion that the reason—or at any rate, one of the reasons—is because there is not sufficient team work—or to use a somewhat better French expression, rapport—between Huntsman, Whippers-

in; and hounds. Because of the great shortage of labour, earth-stopping, which plays a very considerable part in the numerical summing up of the foxes killed, has been impossible; and the conditions under which we have hunted foxes here in South Dorset have been very similar to those under which they are hunted in America. Since I have lived in England and seen for myself what conditions over here are like, I have always felt that earth-stopping played a very prominent part in the sport provided; but until this season I have not had a chance to prove that fact. During the first season that followed the outbreak of War, hounds killed about 90 per cent of their average tally, and the tally continued to shrink each season until this year we have killed scarcely 20 per cent. At that, our tally of 11 1-2 brace—practically all of them killed above ground—is better than the record of any American pack that I have ever heard of; and I lay this fact to the team work above described, and to nothing else.

Is it any wonder, then, that I come to the conclusion that the average foxhound pack over here is better than those we produce in America? There have been times in the past thirty-five years when I have wondered if I had not made a mistake in upholding the prowess of the English Foxhound against his American cousin. I have felt that conditions over here were all in favour of the hound; felt sometimes that the fox didn't get an even break, because,—thanks to efficient stopping,—he couldn't seek his natural sanctuary and was sometimes caught unawares. But now that is all changed and the foxes which we have handled this season have had just as good a chance to get to ground as those which inhabit the hunting countries of the United States and Canada, where, so far as

I know, there is practically no stopping. At least they would stand just as good a chance of escape were it not that, in England, foxhunting is carried on in a much more scientific and organized way; and that no Huntsman worth his salt is satisfied unless he handles his fox at the end of the hunt.

— Why is it that our polo teams can beat those of any other country on the face of the globe most of the time? Team work. Why is it that the America's Cup remains on our shores? Certainly team work plays a very big part there. Why is it that a well-

TRYON HOUNDS

Tryon,
North Carolina.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1935



**ELKRIDGE—
HARFORD HUNT
CLUB**

Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Decomposed 1934



Just returned from any annual vacation down in Tryon, North Carolina with the Tryon Hounds. This was my sixth season with this pack and although the fields have been cut down because of the war, we had some nice runs and on the last day a field of eleven were out including the huntsman, Arthur Reynolds's and the whip, Robert Leighton.

The first day I hunted was Wednesday March 17th. M. F. H Jack Kimberly was out and Arthur sure turned on the steam and we had a blistering run of about forty minutes with no checks. They informed me that they had a new drag boy that morning and he probably did his job too well as it was a bit too fast and straight down the line to see any good hound work.

The next hunt was on Saturday the 20 and although it was raining quite hard a good field was out and we had a fine hunt. The M. F. H. John Donald of the Johnson City, Tenn., pack was over with his whip, Harry Smith and both enjoyed the hunting very much. Bob Leighton, the whip of the Tryon Pack dropped back and let Harry do the whipping and Harry proved that he not only knew how the job should be done in workmanlike fashion but also proved that he knew every hound by name. These boys were down there

last fall for a couple of weeks and Harry has a good memory it seems. This hunt was held over on the big drag where the fences are mostly post and rail and all a good 3-6' so we got in some good lepping. The cast was made in some burnt over stumpy timber and the hounds had a bad fifteen minutes getting onto the line but Arthur left them work it out for themselves and we all saw some very fine hound work. Meanwhile a cold, heavy rain was falling and I think we all wondered if the reins would have any grip left once they hit. And then they caught and bucketed off at a good rate and we soon forgot the rain and started to worry about the great fences that loomed up in the mist. We all managed to negotiate them however and held to the pace. Arthur was aboard **Peter X**, Harry Smith was mounted on **Moon Hunter**. Bob Leighton had a grand looking four year old named **Simple Simon**, Carter Brown was on **Judge Glory**, Peter Mahler had **Silver Mine**, John Donald had **Hermopolis** and I was aboard a stalwart from Carter's named **Booter**. It was a grand run and as the line followed a ridge which gives one a good view we saw plenty of good hound work and lots of action.

But the last day, Wednesday March 24th was best. It was one of those days in the Carolinas that you dream about up North in the winter time. A nice sun, fairly warm and a beautiful blue haze on the distant mountains. On this day beside Arthur and Bob Leighton, there was Carter Brown, Austin Brown, Polly Mahler, Pete Mahler, Mr. Carpenter and his daughter, Bass Brown, myself and a few others that just won't come back to memory. It was a splendid turnout and a fine long hunt. Then too, we had an audience at some of the jumps and that

From there he turned left again by Arthur Nelson's house and then right handed onto Mr. DeCourcy Wright's farm. At this point the field was confronted by Mr. Wright's board fences which are no joke; however no accident occurred. The fox then pulled an effective trick on his bag and the hounds could not follow the line, once they were well into Mr. Wright's Woods. Seven casts were made but to no avail.

The next covert drawn was the Sprouts and once again the fox was at home. He broke away across Mr. Wing's meadow to Mr. Flanagan's barn, swerved left handed to Mr. Wing's gate, and sharp left by his house and stables. Scent was breath high and hounds were running just as fast as they could put foot to the ground. The fox continued on without stopping through the Sprouts across Mr. McLean's meadow, past Mr. Eastman's house, Jack Hesfield and down to the Hess Road.

Here the line swung a little to the left through the woods in back of Mr. Park's stable, and out onto his meadows. By this time, horse hounds and even the fox had had enough of such goings on, as the day was quite warm and the pace fairly fast. Therefore Reynard went to ground in an earth on Mr. Park's hill, and hounds marked him there in the orthodox manner.

All in all it was a fine day, for everyone hunting seemed to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. The Master, Mr. VOSS, was hunting the bounds and did a fine job, this was only the second time he has done so, but he has shown excellent sport. Dallas Leith had been hunting the pack for the past several years, but he went into the army during March. The Elkridge-Hartford ended the season on the 3rd of April. The prospects for next season are good as there is a good pack in kennels and a lot of keen foxhunters living in this hunting country.—David K. Reeves.

New York

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Ltd.

ONE EAST 35th STREET
NEW YORK

Makers of
Men's and Ladies'
HUNTING STOCKS
RIDING AND HUNTING
SHIRTS

Wholesale Only

The Sporting Calendar

Racing

MARCH

6-June 6. Hipodromo De Las Americas, Jockey Club, La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.
HANDICAP DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO, 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds. May 9.....17,000 Pesos Added
DERBY MEXICANO, 1 1-8 mi., 3-yr.-olds. May 10.....50,000 Pesos Added
HANDICAP NACIONAL, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. May 23.....20,000 Pesos Added
STAKES DE LA CONDESA, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds. May 27.....6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS, 1 1-4 mi., 3 & up. May 30.....100,000 Pesos Added
STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO 7 f., 3 & up. June 3.....6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL, 1 1-8 mi., 3 & up. June 6.....50,000 Pesos Added
 (Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

APRIL

8-May 8-Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 27 days.
PALMONOK HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up. Sat. April 10.....\$7,500 Added
WOOD MEMORIAL, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., April 17.....\$25,000 Added
EXCELSIOR HANDICAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. Sat., April 24.....\$10,000 Added
ROSEVILLE STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies. Wed., April 28.....\$5,000 Added
JAMAICA HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up. Sat., May 1.....\$5,000 Added
YOUTHFUL STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds. Wed., May 5.....\$5,000 Added
GREY LAG HANDICAP, 1 1-4 mi., 3 & up. Sat., May 8.....\$15,000 Added
 10-21-Keeneeland Racing Association, Lexington, Ky. (To be run at Churchill Downs). 10 days. (Keeneeland's racing program is subject to approval by the Kentucky State Racing Commission.)
STAKES
PHOENIX 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up. Sat., April 10.....\$2,500 Added
ASHLAND STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-old fillies. Wed., April 14.....\$2,500 Added
BEN ALI 'CAP, 1 1-8 mi., 3 & up. Sat., April 17.....\$2,500 Added
LAFAYETTE STAKES, 4½ f., 2-yr.-olds. Tues., April 20.....\$2,500 Added
BLUE GRASS STAKES, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds. Wed., April 21.....\$10,000 Added
 (Entries to these stakes close March 15)
 22-May 8-Maryland Jockey Club, Pimlico Race-track, Baltimore, Md.
BALTIMORE SPRING HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up. Sat., April 24.....\$2,500 Added
GITTINS' HANDICAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. Tues., April 27.....\$2,500 Added
DIXIE HANDICAP, 1 3-16 mi., 3 & up. Sat., May 1.....\$20,000 Added
THE SURVIVOR, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds. Tues., May 4.....\$2,500 Added
FIMLICO OAKS, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-old fillies. Wed., May 5.....\$10,000 Added
FIMLICO NURSERY, 4½ f., 2-yr.-olds. Fri., May 7.....\$2,500 Added
THE PREAKNESS, 1 3-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., May 8.....\$50,000 Added
 (Supplementary entries to the Preakness close Thursday, April 15, 1943.)

24-May 15-Churchill Downs Spring Meeting, Louisville, Kentucky.
THE CLARK 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. Sat., April 24.....\$2,500 Added
THE DERBY TRIAL, 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., April 27.....\$2,500 Added
THE DEBUTANTE, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies. Wed., April 28.....\$2,500 Added
THE CHURCHILL DOWNS 'CAP, 1 mi., 3 & up. Thurs., April 29.....\$2,500 Added
THE BASHFORD MANOR STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts & geldings. Fri., April 30.....\$2,500 Added
THE KENTUCKY DERBY, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., May 1.....\$75,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY OAKS, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-old fillies. Sat., May 8.....\$5,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY 'CAP, 1½ mi., 3 & up. Sat., May 15.....\$2,500 Added

MAY

1-15-Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 12 days.
 10-June 5-Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.
THE FASHION, 4½ f., 2-yr.-old fillies. Mon., May 10.....\$5,000 Added
THE TOBOGGAN 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up. Mon., May 10.....\$5,000 Added
THE SWIFT, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds. Wed., May 12.....\$5,000 Added
THE METROPOLITAN 'CAP, 1 mi., 3 & up. Sat., May 15.....\$10,000 Added
THE ACORN, 1 mi., 3-yr.-old fillies. Wed., May 19.....\$10,000 Added
THE JUVENILE, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds. Sat., May 22.....\$5,000 Added
THE WITHERS, 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., May 22.....\$15,000 Added
THE COACHIN GCLUB AMERICAN OAKS, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-old fillies. Wed., May 26.....\$10,000 Added
THE PETER PAN 'CAP, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., May 29.....\$7,500 Added
THE ROSEBEN 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up. Sat., May 29.....\$5,000 Added
THE SUBURBAN 'CAP, 1½ mi., 3 & up. Mon., May 31.....\$30,000 Added
THE TOP FLIGHT 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. fillies & mares. Thurs., June 3.....\$5,000 Added
THE NATIONAL STALLION, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds. Sat., June 5.....\$5,000 Added
THE BELMONT, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., June 5.....\$5,000 Added
 17-June 19-Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 30 days.
 22-29-Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 29-July 5-Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collingsville, Ill. 28 days.
 31-June 7-Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Lt., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

JUNE

7-28-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.
 8-15-Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club,

Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 16-23-Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 21-July 31-Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 30 days.
 21-Sept. 6-Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc. & Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 67 days.
STAKES

AMERICAN DERBY, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds. Sat., Aug. 28.....\$50,000 Added
DREXEL 'CAP, 1 mi., 3 & up. Wed., Sept. 1.....\$5,000 Added
HOMEWOOD HIGHWEIGHT 'CAP, 5½ f., 3 & up. Thurs., Sept. 2.....\$5,000 Added
WASHINGTON PARK FUTURITY, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds. Sat., Sept. 4.....\$20,000 Added
WASHINGTON PARK 'CAP, 1½ mi., 3 & up. Sat., Sept. 6.....\$30,000 Added

24-July 1-Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
 28-July 24-Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.

JULY

7-Sept. 11-Garden State Racing Assn., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted 50 days.
 31-Aug. 19-Ascot Park, Akron, Ohio. 19 days.
 31-Aug. 7-Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

AUGUST

2-Sept. 6-Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 31 days.
 28-Oct. 9-Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collingsville, Ill. 32 days.
 30-Sept. 18-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

SEPTEMBER

7-Oct. 16-Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Assn., Cicero, Ill. 35 days.
 9-Oct. 9-Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.
 25-Oct. 2-Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 11-18-Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Lt., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

OCTOBER

6-Oct. 13-Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 11-20-Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.
 16-23-Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 18-30-Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 12 days.
 21-Nov. 3-Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.

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Point-To-Points

10-Happy Hill Point-to-Point, Radnor Hunt Club, White Horse, Pa.

Hunter Trials

4-Deep Run Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.
 17-Deep Run Junior Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.

Steeplechasing

MAY
 Maryland Jockey Club, Pimlico Race Track, Baltimore, Md.
JERVIS SPENCER 'CHASE 'CAP, 2 mi., 4 & up. Mon., May 3.....\$2,500 Added

Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Ass'n., Long Island, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL 'CHASE 'CAP, abt. 2 mi., 4 & up. Tues., May 11.....\$3,000 Added
THE CHARLES L. APPLETON MEMORIAL CUP 'CHASE, abt. 2 mi., 4 & up. Tues., May 18.....\$3,000 Added

THE BELMONT SPRING MAIDEN 'CHASE, abt. 2 mi., 4 & up. Thurs., May 20.....\$2,000 Added
THE CORINTHIAN 'CHASE 'CAP, abt. 2 mi., 4 & up. Tues., May 25.....\$3,000 Added

JUNE

Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Ass'n., Long Island, N. Y.
THE MEADOW BROOK 'CHASE 'CAP, abt. 2½ mi., 4 & up. Tues., June 1.....\$3,000 Added

Horse Shows

APRIL
 7-26th Annual Pinehurst Horse Show, N. C.

MAY
 9-Third Annual Nappa Valley Horsemen's Assn. Spring Horse Show, Calif.
 9-Corinthian Club, Md.
 15-Doughoregan Manor, Howard County, Md.
 22-Humane Society of Baltimore County, Pikesville, Md.
 29-Sherwood Horse and Pony Show, Timonium, Md.

29-30-Deep Run Horse Show, Richmond, Va.
JUNE
 5-Long Green, Baldwin, Md.
 12-St. Margaret's Hunt Club, Annapolis, Md.
 19-Greystone Horse and Pony Show, Md.

JULY
 4-York Horse Show, York, Pa.
AUGUST
 14-Westminster Riding Club, Inc., Westminster, Md.
 21-Long Green Carnival, Long Green, Md.

SEPTEMBER
 6-St. Margaret's Church, Annapolis, Md.
 18-Pikesville Kiwanis Club, Pikesville, Md.

Hunt Meetings

APRIL
 10-Glenwood Park Course, Middleburg Hunt, Va.

MAY
 8-Volunteer State Horseman's Association, Nashville, Tenn.

Bulletin Board

PONIES AND COBS

A recent analysis of the "Horse and Hound" revealed that of the 55 advertisements of animals for sale or wanted, 26 of these were cobs and ponies. We are especially stressing these useful animals in this issue.

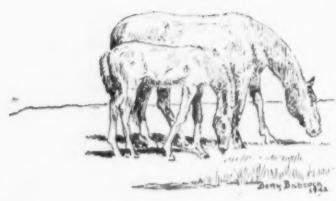
THE PACKS OF THE COUNTRY

Masters and Secretaries who can send us a resume of their past season will be benefitting the sport. Especially those who have not been reporting hunting days during the season.

MEETINGS

We have just had word of a Point-to-Point meeting and a Hunter Trial that were never announced through this paper. However solid your club may be, the fact that the rest of the horse world knows about it will benefit the sport as a whole. Please keep us informed.

Horsemen's News-



Virginia Horsemen's Association Meeting Held At Warrenton

There were between fifty and sixty who listened to Prof. T. B. Hutcheson, Chief Agronomist of the Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, talk on pasture management and grasses, on April 6th.

The Professor started off by saying he had a job to do in that he had to fill the shoes of Prof. Johnstone-Wallace, who had lectured to the same group so many times. Inasmuch as Prof. Hutcheson has been on this same assignment for some 30 odd years, he was able to give actual information gleaned from the good school of "trial and error". Here are a few of the things he made interesting to this recorder. His speech was taken down and will be available to those who wish a copy of it, by application to the Association at Warrenton.

As to the components of the pasture, he was long on blue grass as the basic grass, with timothy a strong addition, orchard grass, ladino clover, Korean lespediza and hop clover. He is strong on this last, both as a nitrogen inducer and as a clover that will come in where other forms of the same will not do so well. His thought being that about 2 lbs. of hop, broadcast, will soon assert itself to the betterment of the other grasses in the pasture.

Regarding the length that pastures should remain permanent, this, stated the Professor is a matter of the conditions under which the pasture lives. He said that if properly taken care of and fed, they should last at least 50 years and with proper renovation from time to time, that would not be the end.

One thing he brought up that stuck in the old memory box:-

"Remember that an animal off the farm is just nothing but pasture in a meat package and he takes off that pasture what plants do in the harvested crop." It was a novel expression and yet impressive. So many people think that pastures don't need anything, and when they become depleted of grass, they should be plowed—the Professor's perfectly logical statement that pastures need constant upkeep and then will stay, is worth remembering.

Then another thing, build your land up to the equivalent of 40 bushel an acre corn productivity and then maintain it with fertilizing at the rate of using 10 per cent of the expectation of what will be harvested. So a \$30 crop warrants \$3 expenditure an fertilization.

Again, each animal fed out at 1000 lbs. weight takes away the equivalent of an 100 lb. sack of phosphates, and potash goes too.

The late Willis Sharpe Kilmer, wanted a pasture, the best that could be made, he did not care what it cost, just so long as he got the pasture;—this said the Professor was the sort of a problem that every agronomist dreams of some day encountering.

He advocates the use of 2 tons of lime for basic results and build up, then the application of 1 ton every 6 years. If the question of lime or fertilizer comes up, it can be compared to the man with the car that needs to be filled up—there is no good putting gasoline in it, if there is no lubricating oil, there must be both, but the oil should be first, so with the lime.

Then the question of that pest of many localities of the Virginia country, broom sage, never burn it, by so doing you give it place to grow and burn the young good grasses that are coming up round it. Mow or feed it down, give the good grasses a chance to choke it out by feeding them, and don't let the sage seed itself.

There was so much more, but I have said that his complete lecture can be obtained through the Association, it is worth reading.

SPRING SALE of FINE RIDING HORSES Monday, April 19th - 12 Noon

Among the lot are:

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Polo At Pinehurst

On Sunday the 4th, the Pinehurst team played an Army Four. The outstanding game was that of Lieut-Col. Duff Sudduth, whose game in the Field Artillery has always been more than useful. In fact, back in the days of Fort Sill, but why start reminiscing, let's get back to this game. Anyway the Field Artilleryman chalked up 4 goals from No. 4, besides doing a good job on the defensive. It seemed to be the day for the Field to holler, for here was Lieut-Col. Irvin R. Schimmelpfennig.

back in 1937, stationed with the 6th, at Fort Hoyle, many Marylanders will remember, tallying 2 more from No. 3 position. This left Major Johnson (and we can't identify him as we did not get the initial) to score 1 goal from No. 1. Looked as if the back end sort of came on through and had a good time. They had a Colonel Haugen at No. 2, but we can't identify him either, the only two we know being Orin D. of the Infantry and Victor R. of the Air Corps. Anyway the Army tallied 7 while the home team of Pinehurst could only shoot 2. Pinehurst played Chas. Swope II at No. 1, Lt. W. N. Jeffords III at No. 2, Ensign J. B. Murray at No. 3 and Capt. Paul Miller at No. 4. Sub. was Capt. C. E. Jenkins. Chas Swope and Capt. Paul Miller did the scoring for the home team, with Capt. Miller doing solid defense work against the Army strong offensive.

There was a fine turnout of both Army people and guests down at Pinehurst. Fred Tejan handled the whistle, probably mounted most of the players too—Fred is an institution—and its one "one-man" institution that keeps production rolling for polo and morale generally. I'll bet that chance to knock a ball around was like heaven to those Field Artillerymen. It's men like old Fred who get a job done.

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THE MEADOW BROOK STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP,
about two miles and a half, \$5,000 added

For entry blanks, address New York Office.

Twenty-Sixth Annual Pinehurst Horse Show

The 26th Annual Horse Show, said to be the oldest of its kind in that part of the South was held on the 7th in the Riding Ring of the Carolina Hotel. There was a fine crowd and the events went off smoothly, thanks to this group of officers. Lieut. A. L. Carmichael of Fort Bragg judge; G. Edward Horne of the Hotel was ringmaster, with Lloyd M. Tate of the hotel stable as ringmaster.

Astore, owned by Mrs. W. J. Kennedy of Dedham, Mass. was hunter champion, with Starwood, Mrs. C. L. Haywood's horse in reserve, the Dr. Haywood horses and family and everything are from Elkins—here's hoping this town realizes that it is

Continued on Page Sixteen

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FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1943

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE FIVE

Results Of Recent Point-to-Point, Shows And Hunter Trials

Brandywine

BY J. ROBERT MCCULLOUGH

A cold biting wind, sweeping across the scenic hills of Brandywine Hunt Country cut to the bones the two hundred odd hunt racing enthusiasts who journeyed to the Baldwin domains to witness the 5th annual running of the Brandywine Hills Point-to-Point. The event was informal this year, befitting the dreariness of war years but what the occasion lacked in color it replaced with excellent racing. Nine entries faced the starter for the five mile run over twenty-four fences.

With the drop of the flag, the field split into two groups, one cutting north toward Unionville and the other bearing east toward what seemed to be a wooded covert. The patch of woods proved to be marshland and by the time the four riders extricated their horses they were well distanced and though they endeavored to make a race of it for a couple of miles the hopelessness of the situation became apparent and they dropped out.

Ted Baldwin's **Joe Palooka** cut the early pace for the remaining group with Tommy McKelvey's **Arapalise** pursuit. **Billy, the even-**

tual winner. Mrs. J. E. Cornwells' **Indian Harbour** and Jack Cann's horse, whose name escaped us, rounded out the remaining field. At the third fence **Arapalise** refused, unseated his rider and ran away. Two fences later Jack Cann lost considerable ground as the crowd moved across his path and he pulled up to get through the mob. At the in and out across the road his horse ducked out unseating him and from there on it was a three horse race: **Billy, Joe Palooka**, and **Indian Harbour**. Five fences from home the field cut loose. Jack Cornwells realized he was fast getting to the bottom of his horse and so drove the bay gelding to the front. Rounding the last flag he passed **Joe Palooka** and opened up two lengths of daylight but **Billy** was not to be denied and came on strong to go into the last fence head and head with Cornwells' horse. The latter in a mighty lunge at the last fence, misjudged, stood back too far and came down in a terrific smasher that brought a gasp from the crowd. It was **Billy**, with Charley Cann up then and **Joe Palooka** with Earl Saunders in the pilot house. The former got home by a good two lengths as Jack Cornwells remounted to canter up the hill for an official third. Several of the field apparently had given up and gone home for they never did report back to the judges.

At the presentation table Jack Cornwells presented the Brandywine Hills Plate to Mr. H. C. Baldwin who in turn made the presentations to Charley Cann who rode the winner, Earl Saunders for his ride on the second horse and Jack Cornwells for third place.

Mr. John Stokes was among the wind blown spectators and announced the Happy Hill Point-to-Point to be run Saturday, April 10th at the Radnor Hunt Club, White Horse, Pa.

Cleveland

BY GEORGE P. CARTER

These are the results of the Fourth and Fifth School Shows. In the Fourth we changed the figure eight course somewhat, the horses being required to jump more in the form of an hour glass. This required much more skill from both horses and riders, especially the latter. In the class for teams of 3 hunters or jumpers we had 5 teams showing, more than is usual in many of the larger shows. Any one watching could well believe that the riders were veterans of the show ring.

The same was true of the Fifth. In the Handy Hunter class, Kate Ireland on **Impulse**, a Virginia bred horse by **Repulse**, did a splendid job. Throughout these shows their performances have been consistently good.

This young rider is a niece of Miss Pansy Ireland, so well known through the horse show world. In the class for pairs abreast, Joe O'Neill on **Blaze Turpin** and Shirley O'Brien on **Hunger Hill** came out on top. **Blaze Turpin** belongs to Mrs. Arthur Laundon, **Hunger Hill** is a full brother to **First Holiday** and belongs to Mr. William B. Lawson of Cleveland. He has shown in Virginia. We departed from our usual custom in the last show and had a class for professional riders. **Hunger Hill**, ridden by Kenneth Winchell won this class also.

In the 4th show we had an exhibition of trick riding by a 13 year old youngster, Tommy Lavery. His father is head riding master at the Academy, and is responsible for this young man's great skill. I certainly wish that conditions were such that some of the people who read this might see what these young people are accomplishing by dint of hard work and patience. Summaries, placed as listed:

4th Show

Open Jump, Figure 8 Course—6 jumps 3'—Rena, Lou O'Neill; Chance, Bobby Paxton; Shadow, Carol Comey.

Open Jumps, Figure 8 course—jumps 3' 6"—Model Boy, Ridderick Merrick; Sue, Betty O'Neill; Diamond Star, Joe O'Neill.

Horsemanship, 13 and over, school owned—S. Veach, Shadow; G. Morris, Moonshine; L. Boyd, Black Night.

Horsemanship, private, 13 years and over—Barbara Black, Crispin; Betty O'Neill, Sue; L. Kundtz, Rena.

Horsemanship—Flora Stone Mathew—D. Mullen, Dakota; E. Czerny, Silver Dollar; B. Feddery, Wild Honkey.

Pair Class, A—12 and under—Ganet McMahon, Vagabond, and E. Easley, Brown Boy; Mary Engle, Lucky, and Barbara Engle, Velma; Freddie Close, Skiddoo, and Martha Sawyer, Silver Dollar.

Pair Class, 13 years and over—Shirley O'Brien, Blaze Turpin, and Joan Paxton, Chance; Joe O'Neill, Diamond Star, and Louise Kundtz, Sue; Margot Harris, Majaju, and Barbara Black, Crispin.

Teams of 3 hunters or jumpers—open to all—Joe O'Neill, Diamond Star, Betty O'Neill, Sue, and Lou O'Neill, Rena; S. O'Brien, Blaze Turpin, B. Black, Crispin, and Margot Harris, Majaju; Hadden, Pancho, Lois Paxton, Trumpet, and M. Harris, Hard Times.

5th Show

Handy Hunter—Diamond Star, Joe O'Neill; Hunger Hill, Shirley O'Brien; Sue, Mary O'Neill.

Handy Hunter—Impulse, Kate Ireland; Shadow, Carol Comey; Rena, Lou O'Neill.

Horsemanship—riders to be 12 years and under. School-owned horses—Poncho, Marilyn Zimmer; Shad-

Continued on Page Sixteen

Farmington

BY FONTAINE MAURY WATSON

It was cold and windy Saturday at the Farmington Hunter Trials, the wind came whistling down over those hills and mountains into the little valley where the trials course is laid, the clipped horses felt it too, and tried to keep themselves warm by putting in extra good performances.

Before we go on (and I hope before you get tired of reading this article) I want to say I have never seen finer riding than was shown by those really hunt loving, Farmington riders, and I feel especial mention must be made of it. It had been about 2 years since I had seen Mrs. Schlesinger ride and was amazed and delighted with the really splendid performance she was making and her cleverness in handling her horse. Shirley McGavock is another who should be mentioned and then of course Ellie Wood Keith.

The Keswick member, Doris Rafferty of Cloverfields, who rides a big rugged bay with a wonderful, powerful way of going, is due credit. She cares for and handles this horse entirely herself.

The 1st class of the day was for open hunters and was won by Mrs. Hagggin Perry on a big bay mare, **Easter Eve**, owner Alex Rives; Roger Rhinehart riding his Thoroughbred **Mr. Ha Ha** was 2nd, and Ellie Wood Keith on **Shorthair** was 3rd. Fourth went to Mrs. Nunneley's gray mare, ridden by Grover Van Devener.

Ladies' Hunters brought out a big field and many very good looking entries:—Mrs. Thomas Renwick on **Pamuck**, who did so well at the Garden. Mrs. Nunneley on a big gray; Miss Jamie Terrell on **Step-along**; Ellie Wood Keith on **Short-hair**; Mrs. Perry on **Autogyro**; Mrs. Schlesinger on **Fateless**, an especially handsome big chestnut. Mrs. Jones, Miss Rafferty, Miss Gerry Midgett and Miss McGavock and several others.

Half-bred hunters also brought out a large field and was won by Mrs. Perry, second going to Mrs. James Blackwell's **Meatball**.

The only mishap of the day was a hard fall for Mr. Van Devener when his horse grabbed himself over the 3rd fence and went down heavily, knocking the wind out of the good rider, spraining his thumb, nothing serious, however, as he was on deck for the party given by the Club at their most attractive Clubhouse on

Continued on Page Sixteen

Deep Run

By WALTER CRAIGIE

Showing consistent pace and excellent form over fences, Ensign Alexander Rives' **Easter Eve**, a Cobham, Va. entry, won the open-to-all class at the Deep Run Hunt Club's annual hunter trials held at Richmond, Va., on April 4.

The bay mare was ridden by Mrs. W. Hagggin Perry, also of Cobham, to place by a narrow margin over Walter Craigie's **Carefree** in a field of 16. The Rives' entry also won a third in the Corinthian.

Mrs. Perry's riding featured the trials, which drew a crowd of 1,100, including many officers and enlisted men from nearby camps. In the Corinthian, which the blonde Cobham rider won with her own **Hydrogyro**, she rode the horses which placed first, second and third.

Both **Easter Eve** and **Hydrogyro** were blue ribbon winners at the Farmington trials held near Charlottesville on the previous day and their ability to repeat their former triumphs labeled them as to soundness and ability.

The Briar Patch Stable's **Ragnarock**, a former Perry star, won the green class, placed second in the Corinthian and fourth in the open event. Nelson King rode, with the exception of the Corinthian, during which Mrs. Perry was in the saddle.

In the members' class, always hotly contested at Deep Run, T. B. Gay took the blue for the second consecutive year as young Stuart Pearman piloted his **Will Prevail** to a win over C. Archer Smith's favored **Attala**.

Continued on Page Sixteen

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March 14, 1943

Hounds left the kennels at ten o'clock with a fairly large field. The weather was foggy and cool; scent was poor. Topper, as usual, picked up the scent near the old boat and a fast run was made around Mud Lake for approximately two miles. Hounds roamed on a false trail which gave the staff a good workout. Hounds were collected and cast through the "V". Scent was picked up by Drum and Topper, the old reliable, and a fast run was made through woods to sand gate and along Oregon Slough. Hounds were checked near the old dolphins. One of the field went off on a jump, but mounted and continued the run. Hounds were cast again near the salt lick, Belle and Flecker picking up the line first. A good run was made for a distance of about four or five miles, mostly through woods with plenty of down timber. The hounds checked momentarily at Turtle Lake but Cricket quickly picked up the line and with the pack on his heels gave us a fast run through Columbia woods and into the small meadow near the Bonneville power line.

Hounds hunted this day were Drum, Topper, Cricket, Belle, Fencer, Black Night, Tipper III, Beau Geste, Toy, Goetz and Flecker. The Master was unable to ride due to a wrenched back, and Captain Bill Bryan substituted with a remarkably popular hunt.

The drag was laid by Albert Dockrell, substituting for A. W. Davis. Gaddis Cavenah was able to secure a leave from Camp Adair, Oregon, to fill his old position as whipper-in. Others on the staff were Charles Chapman, huntsman, and Mrs. Erroll Ostrum, who has been appointed to fill the vacancy left by Lt. Ostrum, now away on foreign duty with the Army Transportation Corps. Mrs. Zula Curran acted as Field Master.—Marian Plumb.

March 28, 1943

Hounds moved off at ten o'clock in a pouring rain. A field of nine went out with riders swathed in rain-coats and ponchos and horses looking a little discouraged about the whole affair. Scent was tricky and by the time we had covered a half mile spirits were up and we decided that those who had failed to come out were certainly going to be sorry.

Hounds were cast on the river road near the fisherman's house and before we knew it we were dashing through a brand new pig-pen jump, in-and-outs and what-have-you, turning right off the road back and forth through the woods across the meadow to the lake where hounds checked for a moment and then were off down toward the railroad bridge. Over the little creek, under the bridge and out to the field by the farmer's fence we went. Everything was fine except that **Dickey Boy** had decided Jean Severeld shouldn't go out and had delivered her to the soft brown earth at the start of the first run. We walked on down through the Middle Gate and took the trail to the hollow tree where hounds picked up a line that led us through a narrow wooded trail. Belle and Topper led the pack out of the woods in full cry toward the old power line and across the flats to the road and the new power line. It was a dandy gallop and we checked at the lookout station, where Pri-

Team Work

Continued from Page Two

schooled foot-ball team will almost invariably beat its less experienced, but perhaps heavier rivals? Team work again. There are many other examples. Why should the same not apply to foxhunting? For my part I think it does.

In some of my former articles on foxhunting I have tried to describe how this principle could be put into practice in the handling of a pack of foxhounds in the fields, but I began to fear that I have not made myself plain. The object of any first-class Huntsman should be to kill his fox by fair means. If in accomplishing this he gives the followers of his pack an enjoyable hunt over a nice line of country, so much the better; but that is something over which he has little or no control. The end in view is something which apparently few American Huntsmen pay sufficient attention to. They seem to be content if they have given their Field a good gallop, even if they have not accounted for their quarry, and they quite forget that continuance along these lines is anything but good for hounds. Let us see what attributes one should look for in a Huntsman. To quote Beckford:—

"He should have an eye so quick, as to perceive which of his hounds carries the scent, when all are running; and should have so excellent an ear, as always to distinguish the foremost hounds, when he does not see them. He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit. He should let his hounds alone, whilst they can hunt, and he should have the genius to assist them, when they cannot."

I should like to add to this that, in my opinion, he should, if possible, have an intimate knowledge of the country in which he is hunting; an intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of each of his hounds; and be on terms of perfect understanding with them. If hounds trust their Huntsman and know that he will never deceive them, they will come to him when he wants them, at once and without any hesitation—Aye, without unnecessary rating by their Whippers-in. To be sure of the greatest efficiency a Huntsman should have two Whippers-in; one of whom—the First—should always be forward to get a view if possible, so as to be ready to give information to his Huntsman at critical moments in the chase. He acts, someone has said, like an extra pair of eyes for the Huntsman. In importance to the team he is second only to the Huntsman, and of him, Beckford says:—"You have heard me say, that where there is much riot, I prefer an excellent Whopper-in to an excellent Huntsman—my meaning is this; that I think I should have better sport, and kill more foxes with a moderate Huntsman, and an excellent Whopper-in, than with the best of Huntsmen without such an assistant. I had a dispute with an old sportsman, who contended, that the Whopper-in

vate Gaddis Cavenah finally joined the staff. Back toward the salt lick hounds were cast and across to the slough where we checked and hacked on home.

The pack is looking healthy and was eager to go all the way, in fact proved quite a handful for two green whippers-in that I know of. Cricket

Continued on Page Nine

should always attend the Huntsman, to obey his orders; (a stable-boy, then, would make as good a Whopper-in as the best) but this is so far from being the case, that he should always be on the opposite side of the covert from him, or I am much mistaken in my opinion; if within hearing of his halloo, he is near enough; for that is the hunting signal he is to obey. The station of the Second Whopper-in may be near the Huntsman."

No words of mine can sum up the situation more clearly. When hounds run I want to see my First Whopper-in on in front, or to one side, or anywhere that his knowledge and experience tell him he may see the hunted fox, or get word of his whereabouts from someone who may have seen him. I want my Second Whopper-in, after he has rated hounds out of covert and got them on to the pack, to be in close attendance on his Huntsman, ready to help and assist him in any way that may lie within his power. If hounds check, I don't want to see a First Whopper-in at all; he ought to be trying to get a forward view or information; and above all else, he should know the difference between the hunted fox and a fresh one. The efficiency of such a team may be judged from the remarks which Mr. A. H. V. Longman, sometime Hunting Editor to *The Field*, (England) wrote after a day with the Cattistock some years ago. "Hounds ran pretty fast across the valley, and hounds, Huntsman and Whoppers-in playing into each others hands, another fox was shortly added to the tally."

"I should like here to pay a tribute to Holland (the Cattistock Huntsman), who is going to Badminton next season, and his two aides. Seldom have I seen a more

effective team; a twisting or short-running fox has very little chance before them, and the hounds are phenomenally quick. Both hounds and Hunt servants are out to kill their fox fairly as quickly as possible, a hunt coming if it will. There is a great deal to be said for such procedure, as a bad fox is best out of the way, and a good one learns to fly. These hounds killed over a hundred brace of foxes last year, and will, no doubt, kill a hundred brace this year." (They did).

I have been somewhat loath to quote the above, since it refers to my own (at the time) hounds and to the team which I had trained and perfected; for these men turned hounds to me for seven seasons in just the same way before I turned the actual hunting of them over to Holland, who is mentioned above. I have done so because Mr. Longman, who only hunted with me on that occasion, stressed so strongly and so well the very points which I have tried to bring out in this little article.

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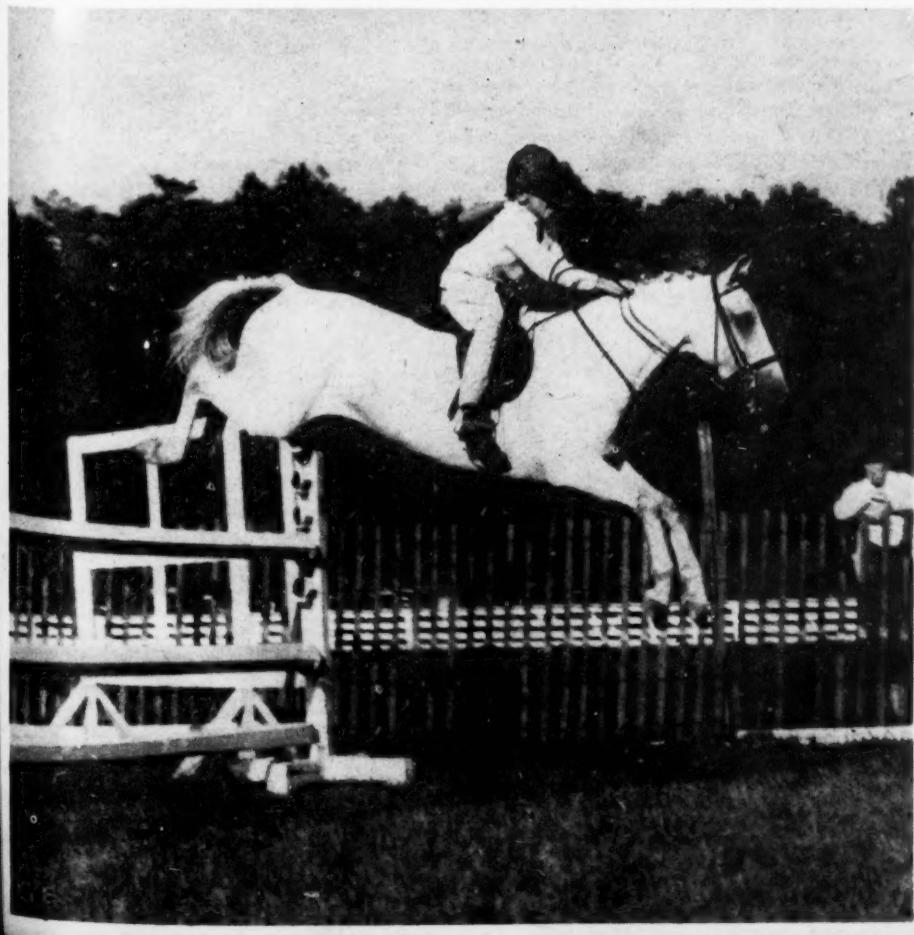
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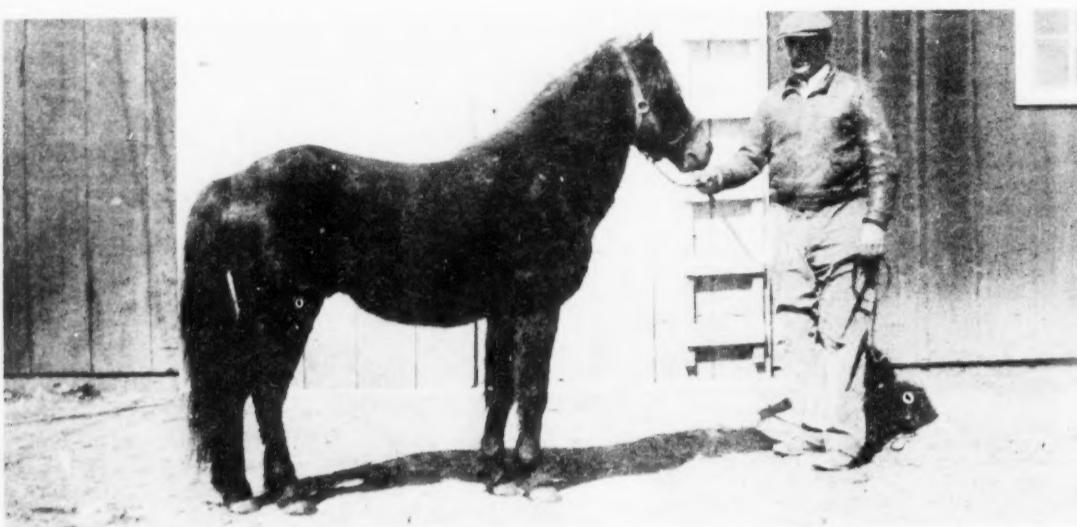
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PONIES FOR YOUNG RIDERS

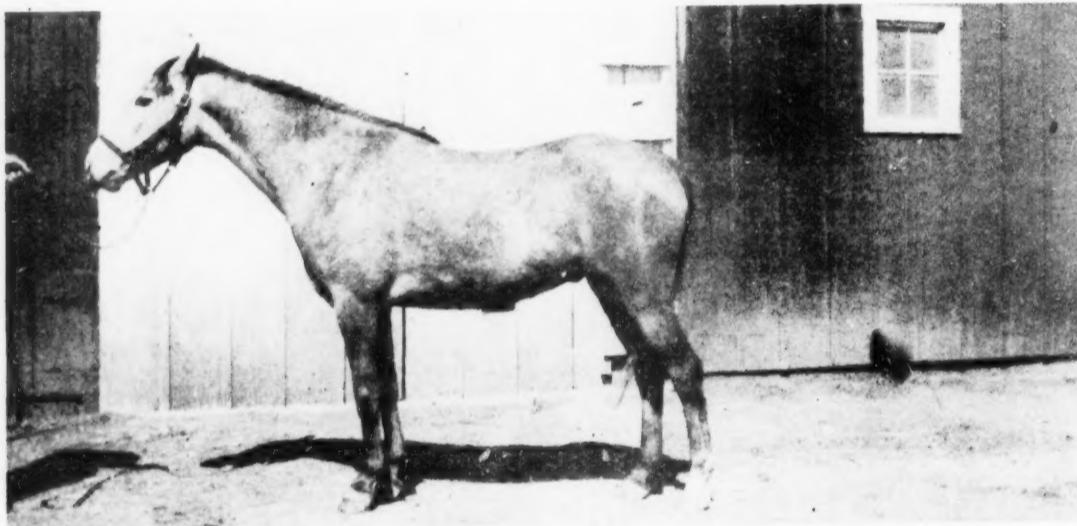


Top: At Dunnottar, Warrenton, Va., all the kids work over the ponies. Mrs. Hamilton says they realize their responsibility and take the whole thing as seriously as would their elders, in fact, it is quite doubtful if they don't do a rather better job than some grown-ups. Rittase Photo. Far left: No pages of ponies should be considered complete without GREY KNIGHT being in evidence, and of course, rider Jimmy Hamilton should be the pilot. These two have won numerous championships and other ribbons all over the country. The pony in 1941 at 10 years, won in Madison Square, and that is no hayride. He is a pure bred Welshman. Hayes Photo. Above right: Young John Louis DuFrane, being 17 months old, is quite convinced that this is the very best mount he has ever bestrode. The Shetland is clean-bred, and there is literally none whom Louis DeFrane won't trust with his personal mount. The two belong to Mrs. F. M. Watson's stable at Gordonsville, Virginia.

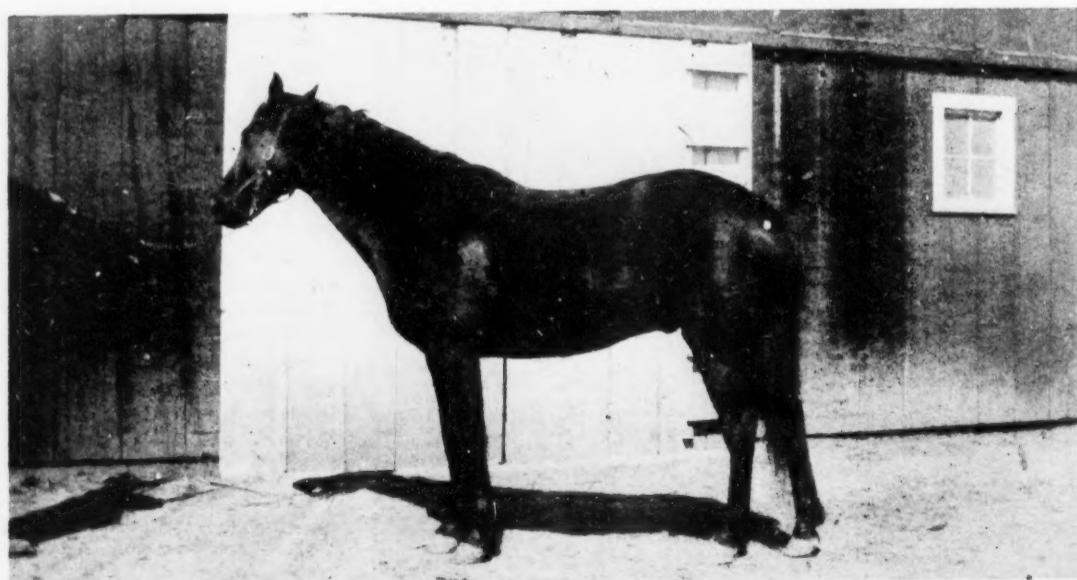
PONIES AND COBS



HEY NONNY comes from Selsey, England to Farnley Farm, Virginia and out of the pasture to The Chronicle. He was foaled 15 years ago on the coast of the English Channel. Miss Scrimgeour, who bred him, raises these ponies so that she may entertain children who would not otherwise have the opportunity to ride. The ponies, therefore, are primarily for that use. However, she and her family having bred Dartmoors on their native moorland for several generations, they are of the cleanest bloodlines. HEY NONNY stands 11.3 hands and his picture readily reveals the fact that he is one of those "big little" ponies.



This 3-year-old grey gelding is by and out of imported parents. Imp. BOWDLER BRIGHTLIGHT--CRIBAN SUNRAY, aristocrats of the Welsh pony breed. His sire was at the top of the breed in England and his dam has won her broodmare class at Warrenton 3 or 4 times. The grey was shown as a 2-year-old, last summer. He is a most desirable and attractive example of all that is best in the breed.



This black may well be called a cob, he is a visible proof of what HEY NONNY can do when he is mated to a 7/8 Thoroughbred mare. This 6-year-old black gelding carries a man close on 6 feet tall, round the farm and they do not have to hunt for gates. Just to look at him causes one to look up at his sire with additional respect.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Pontefract Will Again Hold Substitute Lincolnshire Handicap At Yorks

The racing programme for 1943 is pretty much what I foreshadowed some weeks ago, and, within a few hours of the official list being published race executives met to discuss the immediate future. Pontefract has decided to again stage a substitute Lincolnshire Handicap on their Yorks course. It won't be quite the same thing as if held at Lincoln, although we have spent some cold and miserable March days on the Carholme in Lincoln's Cathedral City. The Lincolnshire Handicap hasn't really much age or tradition associated with it, the chief interest in the race in normal times, being that it is the first big handicap of each season, that it sets the Turf ball-a-rolling for another year, and that it is the first leg of the very popular Lincoln-Grand National double. This annually arouses a lot of interest and a very considerable amount of wagering. As there is to be no Grand National this year, the Lincolnshire Handicap would in any case be shorn of half its fascination.

Nevertheless, it will draw a big crowd; indeed there is no fear that gate money at all five fixtures will be sufficient to provide stakes and overhead charges, for, difficult as travelling will be, the tracks on which racing is to take place have in the main been selected with a view to providing sport for the greatest number with a minimum transport used. Fields will not be big, there will be seven races each day, and there are more than sufficient experienced jockeys permanently in this country to meet all demands. Again, as in the early days of the Turf, when travel was also difficult, north and south will be almost separate sporting entities. There will be little interchange of visits, so that the inclusion of Ascot in the list of fixtures practically concerns the south only from a spectacular point of view, although sport there will interest the man in the street everywhere. Ascot is one of the 'fashionable' meetings which had its origin in an interesting manner. Queen Anne (who did a lot for the Turf in its early days), when driving in the early summer of 1711, saw the possibilities of a racecourse on Ascot Heath, and that same year gave a plate of 100gs to be "round the new course at Ascot Common, near Windsor, in August". There was a good deal of preparation of the ground for this initial event but they were not too particular in those days as to tracks being level, about gradients or turns, or yet about stands and other amenities. There is a suggestion that the Derby and Oaks may be run at ancient Ascot but nothing is yet definitely decided.

Royal Mail Drivers

Nowadays little red motor cars run about rural areas collecting the mails, although there are still many isolated districts in which the postman who brings the morning's letters carries back with him in his bag the contents of the small wall letter-boxes on his beat. Many of us can recall when the mails for

wide districts were delivered and collected by H. Majesty's mail drivers, whose trap was sometimes emblazoned with the Royal arms or crown with the reigning monarch's initials. From the local market town a number of these mail carts set off six morning's a week, and arrived back each evening with the bags or letters and parcels they had collected from villages possibly fifteen miles away. There were too, the locked leather-bags from Hall and Manor, and many a wayside stop to take letters from those living far from a post office. These drivers were the direct descendants of the four-in-hand coachmen who sat on the high boxes of the mail coaches, and some of the former continued in my youth to blow a horn to announce their coming. One I knew carried an ancient blunderbus (now in my possession), such as guards on mail coaches had handy in the days of highwaymen.

I was interested to hear the other day when at Leeming Bar, that Geo. Thompson, who for many years drove the mail from Northallerton, is still well at 84, and continues as mine host of the Blue Bell at Ingleby Arncliffe. I can well remember Geo. Thompson driving his mail-cart with a useful 'tit' in front, thirty years ago. If he has no experiences to relate of highwaymen, what stories he could tell of storms and snow-drifts he had on occasion to battle with; what 'slape' ice-covered roads he had to contend with, and what changes he has seen on the roads and in the roads during his long life. Like many of us he has witnessed the birth of the motor and seen the whole transport system of the country altered. I'd love to have a chat with him about the days when there was less rush and hustle, when the horse was paramount on the highways, and when life was more picturesque and easy-going. After all, do we really get any more accomplished by the haste and speed at which this generation must travel? In the spacious days of Queen Victoria, when he began to drive the mails his fast trotting 'tit' was thought to be just about the quickest thing on the road.

Half-an-hour after his son-in-law, had told me that the veteran George was still in the land of the living, I saw a curious little horse drawn mail-cart entering the old-fashioned town of Bedale, which once had its own race meeting, and was the centre from which the racehorse really sprang. It is rather going off at a tangent, but I must round off what I have said by quoting a sentence or two from "Early Records of the Thoroughbred":

In the revised edition of vol I of the General Stud Book the editors placed the earliest known mares of the different strains in a separate section of the book, and thus accounted for 78 individual animals, almost without exception the whole of these 78 mares were domiciled in Yorkshire, and generally, moreover, in a very small area in that county, of which Bedale was more or less the centre.

Columbia Hunt

Continued from Page Six

was missing in action this hunt. He has gone to the Happy Hunting Ground and will be missed very much.

Capt. Bill Bryan acted as M. F. H.

for the day and the staff included Frank McCord and Mrs. Erroll Ostrum, whipper-in, Mr. Charles Chapman, huntsman, and Mrs. Zula Curran, Field Master.

Later in the day Al and Margaret Davis entertained the field in their own inimitable fashion and the day's hunt and future hunts were discussed at great length. It was reported during the day that Don Cameron, a former president of Columbia Hunt, is now on duty as a lieutenant with the Cavalry at Ft. Riley. News of Bud (R. H.) Wood's promotion to corporal was also received. Irene Gumm will leave soon to join the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and Blanche Hurd has signed up with the WAVES. All in all Columbia is mighty proud of all those members now serving Uncle Sam. Here's wishing them all the best of luck.—L. A. O.

Tryon Hounds

Continued from Page Two

always seems to add to the glamour of any run. At the kill it seemed to me that all of Tryon had turned out. Cameras clicked, much handshaking, and all the pleasanties of hunting people and their friends. After the hunt the spectators climbed back into their station wagons and we hacked off up the Pacolet River to a swell picnic prepared by that grand old cook, Carter Brown. After a big meal of 100 points or more we all sat back and enjoyed the beauties of the river and the warm sun for the greater part of the afternoon.

We also did a bit of night fox hunting while we were there but I'll save that for later.—Bert Dolan.

HUNTER DIRECTORY

TO HUNTER OWNERS

We suggest you keep your name before the horse world by registering in this Directory.

Better horses are in the riding schools and rental stables than ever before. Riders are therefore becoming educated to the use of good horses. More individuals of modest means own horses now than heretofore.

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The Chronicle

ESTABLISHED 1937

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Nancy G. Lee, Assistant Editor
(Middleburg, Virginia)

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

"THE COUNTRY SQUIRE"

The Virginia Horsemen's Association met at Warrenton to hear Prof. T. B. Hutcheson, leading agronomist, talk on pastures. We expected to learn something but we came away with something more. These people who take steps in these difficult times to spread information about how to improve farms are to be respected. We thought, talking around to them:—"Here are the 1942 descendants of the English Country Squires doing what their forebears did." They are actively trying to place their farms on a sound footing, wives are carrying on where their men are now engaged on the offensive fronts. These people are not making a gesture, they are not fooling, they are the Country Squires of 1942. There never was a finer class of people in that tight little island that has preserved all that is best for sportsmen and landed proprietors through these years of war and the blitz. We have their counterparts right here, doing an equally fine piece of work, which must command the respect of the nation.

"BREED A JACK TO THE REST"

We are still harping on breeding mares. Talking to that notable character of Middleburg, Dr. Bob Humphrey, we made mention of the Jack over there, his remark was:—"I have always told them that, breed the best to the best, use a Jack for the rest." It says a whole lot in far fewer words than we could engineer it into.

PONIES AND COBS

We have tried in this issue to present some of the sources of ponies and cobs. This year, during the season when open air activities may be enjoyed to the fullest—and children will want a way to get around, they offer many advantages over their larger cousins. They eat less, can stay in good shape on a small pasture, grooming is not a big operation, general care is reduced to a minimum of labor. Yet their usefulness can be applied in many ways. We do not intend to go into details. The best we can say to you is, quoting an automobile firm of repute:—"Ask the man who owns one."

Letters to the Editor

Caring For Tack

To The Editor.

In the March 19th issue there appears a letter from Stony Walton, containing a bit of friendly criticism of my way of caring for tack.

Miss Walton deplores the use of neat's foot oil and suggests in its stead, white vaseline.

If she should happen to read my article again, she will find that I suggested a combination of equal parts of neat's foot oil and lanum. I did not suggest straight neat's foot oil and I particularly warned against the vegetable compound.

Lanum is the most soothing, the most rejuvenating and the best skin tonic of any known oil. It is the base of most cold creams and cosmetics. It, like neat's foot oil is an animal oil. Vegetable and mineral oils such as vasoline, are not absorbed by live tissue nor by leather. They merely lubricate, after the effect has worn off, the leather is drier than before. They only provide temporary and superficial aid.

Oil which is produced from animals is quite naturally absorbed by animal tissue. In addition to lubricating, it actually feeds, preserves and rejuvenates.

The combination of one part lanum to one part neat's foot oil has evolved after many years of experimenting by those interested in preserving book bindings. It is used in most well known libraries and is nothing short of miraculous in restoring aged leather. This is, no doubt, where the cosmeticians got their inspiration.

Miss Walton also said this oil encouraged an accumulation of dirt. She has forgotten about the protective soap glaze, I suggested.

If Miss Walton will try my suggestion, I promise I shall try her vaseline (though perhaps on a discarded spur strap to start).

I always read and enjoy Miss Walton's articles and hope we shall hear from her again soon. Discussions like these are good for the soul.

Sincerely,
Margaret de Martelly
Midget Mountain Farm, Dundee, Ill.

Somervell's Letter

To The Editor.

You will have noted that on March 19th Dave Woods used the letter to you from Gen. Somervell as our weekly News Release and that the Blood Horse has editorialized on this in their last issue.

Our April 2nd Radio Release has a little story from The Chronicle.

You may be sure we appreciate your value and that if and when we can help we'll do it.

Kindest regards and best wishes,
—Sincerely yours,

Alex M. Robb
Executive Secretary, Thoroughbred Racing Association.

From Jerry Foland

To The Editor:

I am inspired by the fine picture of Mr. L. F. Caulfield in the March 26th issue to write after these many months. I don't know the gentleman but he certainly shows form on a

jumper. Head and shoulders well up, back arched, hands low and light, weight forward but in balance, knees, calves and heels in a position for impulsion—all add up to a close approach to perfection.

Saw some quarter horses and a grand little Palomino stallion at the Harper ranch in Oklahoma when I was stationed at Edmond but there seems to be nothing doing out here in the horse game—just sand, sage brush and rattle snakes.

I share a hut with a soldier named Minchin, not a horseman himself but his father was associated with Watson Webb in polo some years back.

I enjoy The Chronicle more than ever, particularly Salvator's column. Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Jerry Foland.

C. R. T. C. Correction

To The Editor:

I wish to correct an error and an ambiguity that appeared in my article in last week's Chronicle. The stirrup adjustment of the trooper mounted with full pack on page eight, was too SHORT rather than too long for a march.

The statement—"the rider must guide his horse into the jump but not rate him" does not mean that one should do absolutely nothing between jumps and have no contact on the horse's mouth. Jumpers CAN be rated between jumps, but not on the immediate approach. The bold contact of the bit on the horse's mouth lends assurance to the animal and keeps the forward impulsion so important in jumping.

I hope you will correct the error in the above caption and also the equivocal statement on jumping, which latter mistake was my own rather than yours.

Sincerely,
Justin C. Yozell
1st. Lieut. Cav.

The Tribune Attack

To The Editor:

I have just reread, with a great deal of interest, Salvator's warranted attack on the Chicago Tribune's attitude toward horse racing. Salvator's column appeared in the March 26th issue of The Chronicle. I heartily endorse his opinion of The Tribune, and in support of that opinion I offer some evidence—specifically, an editorial which appeared in the March 27th Chicago Sun. The Editorial I herewith enclose:

Sometimes We Wonder

Charity covers a multitude of inconsistencies.

From the Chicago Tribune of March 17, 1943, Page 18:

"Horse racing isn't particularly important by itself but it is important to the New Deal administration, because if the horses don't run the handbooks can't run, and if the handbooks can't run the principal source of graft of Mr. Roosevelt's stalwart backers in the metropolitan political machine is cut off."

From the Chicago Tribune, March 26, 1943, Page 33:

"The Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc., will sponsor a week of racing at Sportsman's Park, beginning on

Continued on Page Twenty

A HUNTING PATINA

By Samuel J. Henry

That's what one of my artistic friends exclaimed upon viewing my face after the semi-windup of the Potomac Hunt on March 16.

Now since Webster defines "Patina" as a "dark coating which is formed by exposure on any metal or wooden surface" and since my Daddy always said "Tell both sides of the hunt, Son", here goes one on me.

Now I would reckon a heavy oak cattle bar atop a chicken coop as constituting a "wooden surface" and the exposure thereto complete when a horse named Kentucky loaned for the hunt—I was going to say for the occasion—catapulted your scribe thru' the air, said catapulting occurring simultaneously with an amazingly sudden and effective refusal in a meadow south of Rockville, Maryland on that warmish, overcast day aforesaid.

Prior thereto, that is, to the refusal, as hounds drew the country, I had enjoyed the amorous love notes of the flirty mocking bird, but when, in obedience to the laws of propulsion and gravitation, this devotee of ye oden sport hit that cattle bar he

could, in his dazed brain, hear wrens and angels, hunting horns and bull frogs, plus all and sundry the melodies of celestial and earthly regions.

Anyhow, quickly getting my second wind, so to speak, and after being urged by two famous followers of Hippocrates, then and there present, that I should not attempt to stem the freely flowing claret—Doctor Joseph Horgan, M. F. H., and Doctor "Pete" Moran, regular practitioner in both medicine and ye chase—I remounted Kentucky whereupon Dame Nature, as if to offer compensation, produced a "high yaller" dog fox for a fast burst to a distant den which was also enjoyed by Mrs. Horgan and Miss Bella Hagner.

Item: I am sorry to say that the only real damage was the rumpling of the visor of my hunting cap. Passing damage included busted nose, black eyes, hen's egg on forehead and so forth.

For ye Editor of The Chronicle!
The drinks are on me. As ever,
Samuel J. Henry.

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To The Editor.

The Potomac Hunt has just closed its 13th season of Fox Hunting, and is now making plans for the continuation of its activities during the Season 1943-44.

At a recent meeting of the Hunt the following were elected:

Col. Harry H. Semmes and Mr. Claude W. Owen, Joint M. F. H.; F. Moran McConihe, Honorary Secretary; Mr. L. H. LaMotte, Jr., Honorary Treasurer; Mr. W. C. Hamson, Chairman of the Hunt Committee.

Hunt Committee Members: Dr. Fred R. Sanderson; Dr. James M. Greear, Jr.; Mr. Ralph Counselman; Dr. Robert E. Moran; Miss Bella Hagner.

Colonel Harry H. Semmes is on active duty with the Armed Forces in North Africa, so Mr. Owen will

Continued on Page Sixteen

hats hard down on their ears and set after hounds. They crossed Sir Ashley's paddocks then swung left handed through the woods, across the Turnpike into Greffingwells, east over the Oyster Bay road into the Memorial Cemetery.

There are a few friends of mine there who must have found the cl. of hounds sweet to hear and whose hearts were warmed by the nearness of happy children, but Mr. Allison who "don't care for disturbing them, good folk that sleep in Abraham's bosom", heaved a sigh when his hounds emerged and crossed the turnpike into the Nichols farm.

The ponies, leg weary and breathing hard, did well to cross this well-fenced farm and were rewarded when just north of Columbus the fox went to ground. This had been a 4 mile point and probably six as hounds ran, with two short checks and the time, forty minutes.

Not bad for Nursery Nimrods.
—Betty Babcock.

Middleburg Races

Continued from Page One

The feature of the day, The William Skinner Memorial, about 2 miles over brush, lists 10 entries: Greentree Stables' **On The Fence**; Briarhill Stable's **Walopper**; Brookmeade Stable's **Sea Flight** and **Carribean**; Groton Stable's **Canio** and **Salem**; Montpelier's **Caddie**; R. V. N. Gambrill's **Parma**; Stanley T. Greene's **Bagpipe** and C. E. Tuttle's **Jolly Tar**.

The Panther Skin, about 2 miles over brush is the last event and has the following entries: A. M. Chichester's **Dun Lad**; Mrs. Fay Ingalls' **Bay Night**; P. D. Reid's **Polly MacDun**; William G. Jones' **Bank Note**; Greenhill Farm's **Walopper**; Mrs. Arthur White's **Bill Coffman** and **Greek Flag**.

All proceeds of the 23rd Spring Meeting will go to the Red Cross and trophies which will be presented have been donated by United Hunts Racing Association. Last week it was thought that there would be no refreshment stand but the Hitching Post, which is located about 1 mile east of Middleburg, will take over the sale of hot dogs, sandwiches, coffee, soft drinks, and all the trimmings. You don't even have to bring your ration books.

Oldest Pony Show

Continued from Page One

pete are now showing and winning ribbons.

Some of the foremost horsemen and horsewomen in America had their first experience in the show ring at this show. Winifred Maddux was succeeded as President by such well known figures in the ring today as Peggy Keith (now Mrs. James Hamilton) North Fletcher, President of the Warrenton Horse Show, Mildred Gaines who has started so many children in the delights of pony riding, and Alex Calvert of the Remount Station.

The list of able officers of this Show is too long to enumerate but a few might be mentioned, such as Deedie Nesbit—now Mrs. Bowes of Chicago, "Buddy" Baldwin, who graduates from West Point in the near future, May Fenneyhough, whose son is now showing her old pony, **Trixie**, that was always a consistent winner, the late Temple Gwathmey, one of the best steeplechase riders in the country, Jane Wilbur and many more.

Of the noted ponies shown here mention might be made of a few notably the aforementioned **Trixie** (a very remarkable little creature) Betsy Keith's **Sunny** a winner in the first show, that died just a few months ago at the advanced age of 40—and Hale to the last, still able to carry the tiny tots about carefully; **Midget**, that small Helen Horner rode in the high jump that was over the pony's head, **Natty**, the Sharp pony, once Champion and still going strong and many of later date and higher quality, though none have exceeded these first entrants in ability.

The show is run entirely by children. A rule early enforced is that at the age of eighteen a member is automatically dropped. The children are very jealous of their prerogatives and brook no interference—and few suggestions—from their elders. And do they put on a good show? They surely do. No "grown-

ups" do better. Nearly all the classes one sees in the big shows are found here and to watch those small pieces of horse-flesh flying over triple bars, negotiating "In-and-outs" and doing figure eights, is a revelation both as to the horsemanship of the children of today as well as the class of ponies now bred.

The classes are varied and interesting, from the small brush jumps for children under eight to the post and rails of the larger ponies that have had experience in the hunting field. The championship is much coveted and means a real triumph to the fortunate pony and his hard-working rider.

Every person needs four bushels (240) pounds of potatoes to supply him the year around. Five pounds of seed should easily produce 50 pounds of spuds. Plant and grow what you will need.



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The HOMESTEAD

Virginia Hot Springs

A Day With The Limerick

Continued from Page One

on end. The country was quite new to me, and I preferred to hank back a bit, to see what they did and how they did it. I saw plenty of both before the day was over, but the fun was a long time starting. Nearly four hours were consumed in hacking from cover to cover, and drawing blank or else, as in one instance, seeing a fox steal away in the distance, while hounds were unable to make out his line. This is not intended by way of criticism, for we all know how the best hunts have days now and then, when everything goes wrong. Nevertheless I was ready to quit and to go back to the Dunraven Arms in search of tea, with scrambled eggs and bacon, being tired, cold, and hungry. It was nearly three o'clock, when at last the last thing happened, that I was expecting, at that moment. A good-looking fox broke cover right in front of us, and went scurrying away with hounds close behind him! I was so tired and miserable that I had half a mind to quit anyway, but the mare was a better sport than I was, and took matters, not into her own hands, but into her own feet. The whole crowd broke as if we were starting a race, and she broke with the rest. It was not to be that kind of a hunt however, for scent was evidently very poor, and hounds in frequent difficulties. It was more like a prolonged hunters trial, with all going along together. What a time the judges would have had! For half an hour or so, we were crossing a fair rolling country of grass-fields, with every kind of obstacle to jump, except the dykes or double ditches, for which Limerick is famous. These were to come later as I discovered in due time.

A jumping fest it was, with stone walls, plain banks without ditches, plain ditches without banks, small ditches with low banks on one side only, the last named being curious looking affairs, designed apparently to throw horses down, and then when you would be least expecting it, a bit of timber. My mare jumped perfectly, so that I had no trouble. With hounds checking frequently, there was no hurry either. It was just a jolly lark across country, with everybody including myself, happy and sociably disposed. I soon forgot all about being tired and hungry. Suddenly, however the scene changed, and from being one of mirth and gladness, it became a scene of stress and grief. We left the fair rolling lands, and came to a broad expanse of flat-lands. Scent seemed to improve at the same time, and hounds began to move along at a startling pace. Watching them carefully, I saw them come to, and cross the first conventional Limerick double ditch. These affairs consist of two parallel ditches each, maybe, six to eight feet wide, separated by a high bank, rising three or four feet above the level of the field. The ditches were full of water, their object being, of course, to draw the water from these very wet lands, in the interest of agriculture.

My first reaction was a feeling of wonder that anybody should ever have conceived it possible to ride to hounds across such a country. The situation was further complicated by a growth of gorse or other such thorny shrubbery, on the middle ditches and all about, so as to obscure the whole business and make jumping impossible, except at openings here and there, where grazing cattle or mayhap, the Hunt itself, had done away with the growth. A horse to get over, must clear the first ditch, alight on the middle bank, readjust his feet, and clear the second ditch. There was necessarily much crowding and single file riding; in order to avail of the openings. In the phrase of today, we would call them bottle-necks. I called them much worse names than that when waiting for half a dozen others to get over. I had to wait for somebody to show me where to go, and then as likely as not the one I was trying to follow, would get in trouble, tie up the whole bunch, and all would dash off to some other opening. Hounds got well ahead, and were quite invisible, owing to the growth of bushes all over the banks, so that it seemed impossible for any but hunt staff, who managed to hang on to them, to see much of the hunt.

Nonetheless I succeeded in negotiating several of the dykes, and was beginning to find the game interesting, though arduous, when a fair lady and her horse, fell with a tremendous splash, into the water. Friends rallied to her assistance, and the scene became one of great confusion, with loose horses running about, the lady and her friends screaming and squealing, (not from fright for it takes much more than that to scare an Irish lady) but rather in amusement. Everything was so mixed up that I rushed off in dismay, to seek a better opportunity. I did not have to go far, before coming to another bunch at another opening. This dyke was a very big one, and as I edged into the assembled party to await my turn, I saw three horses refuse and turn away. Nobody else seemed anxious to avail of the opportunity now presented, and I, having gained great confidence in my mare, decided to have a go at it. So, waving politely and majestically at the others to give me room, I cut loose. The mare made a grand effort, but only succeeded in getting her front legs on the middle bank. Her hind legs slithered down into the water, so that she stood practically upright for a brief moment. This was far from my desire, and I reached a hurried decision that it was time to abandon ship. I felt her slipping and made a wild leap, myself, from the saddle to the bank on which we hung. I lit on the precarious edge, and scrambled to safety on top. The mare slowly subsided backwards into the water, uttering a tragic groan of despair, which found an echo in my heart.

Here was I on the middle bank, high above the water, holding the bridle rein of a horse almost afloat in the ditch below. Those who a moment before had been my companions, including the three who had escaped my fate by having horses sensible enough to refuse, all stood gaping at me. I am sure if I had not been a stranger, they would have burst into peals of laughter, and made great fun of me. That was the reward of others who came to grief, and there were plenty of them. There is something about falling into water which makes for mirth, and there is much mirth in the Irish hunting-field. These people were far too polite to laugh at me a stranger, however. Instead they gave me good advice as to what should be done in the premises. I turned the mare loose, hit her with my crop and sent her floundering along, half afloat, up to a low place where she could climb out on the side we had left. Someone caught her, while I waded across as best I could, climbed out, and scrambled into the saddle, a wiser, and wetter man than I had been before. The whole group, including myself, then scuttled away in different directions, still seeking a safe passage over the dyke. I do not know about the rest of them but I soon found a bridge, over which I galloped with great

Continued on Page Fifteen

FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1933.
Recognized 1938.



March 21

The First Day of Spring

Spring started auspiciously for the Frankstown Hunt with a most interesting pack trial put on by our joint masters, Paul S. Vipond and Fred A. Stormer.

In order to settle the age-old question of which hounds have the greatest merit, the American fox hounds or the English fox hounds, a special pack trial was held at the Frankstown Hunt Club with two drags of approximately a mile and a half each, laid over similar country and over hills and fields surrounding the Frankstown kennels.

These trials were judged by C. E. Maloy, Ex-Master, Dr. John G. Shaffer, President of the Frankstown Hunt, and the writer. The hounds were handled by the Master, Paul S. Vipond, who just cast them in the same field and direction of the drag and then, of course, left the balance to the hounds themselves. The judges did a little hilltopping in order to keep the packs in view and as it was a very snowy crisp day, with the temperature about 26 degrees, the hounds worked exceptionally well and it was really a very fair trial.

The American Pack

The American pack, true to tradition, ran with greater speed, more tongue, and gave a very creditable performance, although they did come to a loss at one point and scattered out a little wide. One hound short-cut the line which, of course, was smart, but not the best form. The American hounds were led most of the time by Flint, a lemon and white hound which we were fortunate in securing from the Westmoreland Hunt.

On the plus side for the American hounds, we give speed and voice.

The English Pack

The English pack was much more

beautiful to look at, and well together in a pack, and hunted the line more carefully than the American, following the twists and turns of the drag and did no short-cutting; however, they were slower and the voice was not as good.

On the plus side for the English hounds, we give packing ability, careful hunting ability, and good looks.

Fortunately for the judges, it was not necessary to make a decision, but the general consensus of opinion was that the pack was better combined than run separately. The English need the drive and music of the American, and the American needed the steady and careful hunting influence of the English.

Immediately after the pack trials, the members of the Club adjourned to the Club House and discussed the relative merits of the English-American and Cross-bred hounds until 'way into the early hours of the morning. As the evening progressed, the arguments on both sides became stronger and the merits of our pack considerably advanced!

The final decision will have to be, like all other contests between American and English, a matter of personal choice.—G. P. G.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1943

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE THIRTEEN

A SOUTH PACIFIC CITATION

HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDER
SOUTH PACIFIC FORCE
OF THE UNITED STATES PACIFIC FLEET.

In the name of the President of the United States,
the Commander South Pacific Area and South Pacific Force,
takes pleasure in presenting the SILVER STAR MEDAL to

SECOND LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. WATSON
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS RESERVE

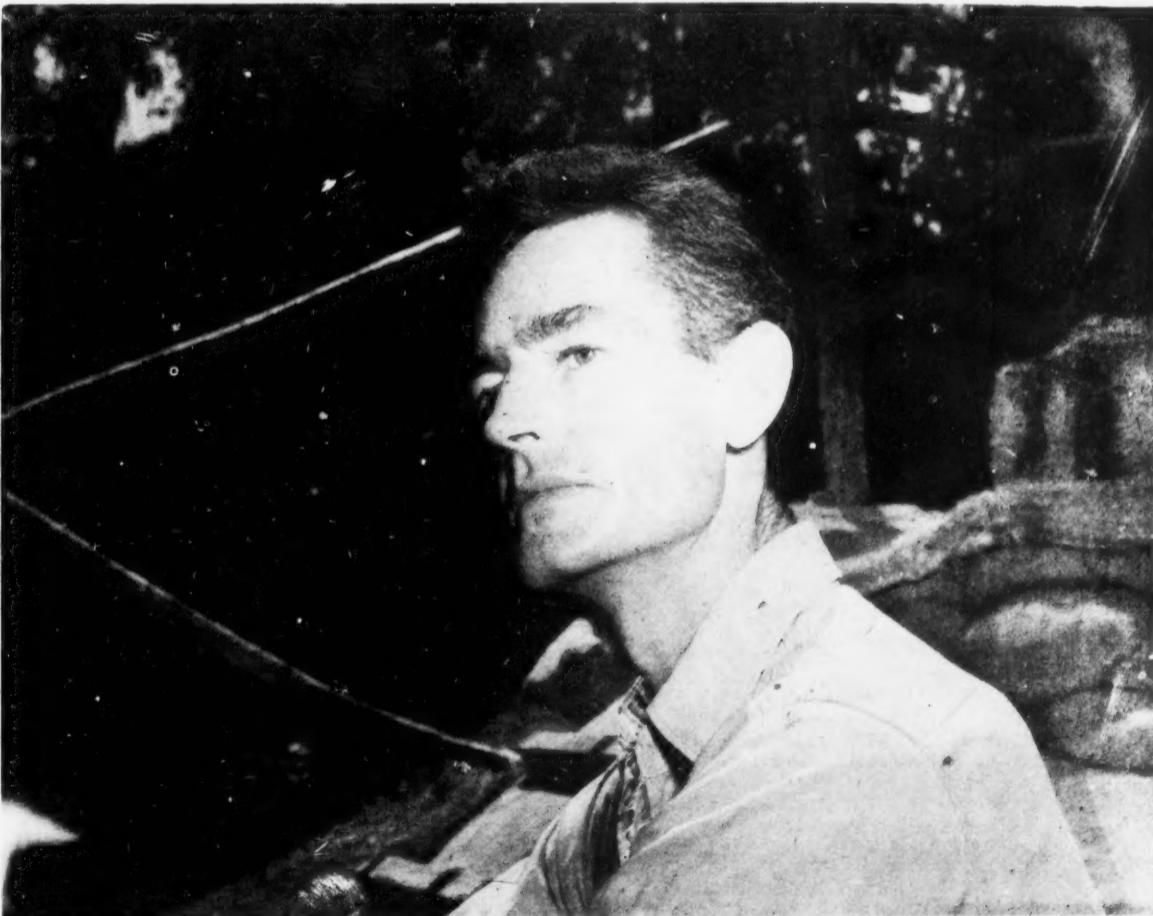
for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action against the enemy in the British Solomon Islands during November 1-3, 1942. Second Lieutenant Watson and another officer formed a forward-observer liaison team, which rendered invaluable service for a battalion which was in direct support of other marines. Without regard for his personal safety and under almost constant fire from enemy artillery, machine guns, and snipers, he maintained continuous observation and communication when such maintenance seemed at times impossible. By so doing he not only called for and observed supporting artillery fires in front of the battalion, wherever required, but called for and observed artillery fires for adjacent units of marines which were at times out of communication with supporting artillery units."

W.F. Halsey

W. F. HALSEY,
Admiral, U. S. Navy.



It would be hard to find an issue of The Chronicle that would be more suitable for the presentation of Tom and his citation. Children and ponies are always going to take the first place with him. His patience with them is complete, his popularity a thing to be envied. His attitude seems to be changed when it comes to the "little yellow men".

MIDDLEBURG POINT-TO-POINT DAY



Miss Dorothy McIlvaine leads over the 1st fence in the Ladies' race followed by Miss Peggy Squires, an owner-rider on COLLEEN. Mrs. Louise McCormick is shown on the far side and to the rear is Miss Natalie Hazard and YONDER BROOM.



Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Hardin's mode of travel is viewed with interest by Middleburg Mayor, Courtland Smith and D. C. Sands, M.F.H., Middleburg Hounds. On the opposite side stand the Davys. This smart turn-out belongs to Mrs. M. E. Whitney.



The first fence in the Middleburg Bowl where JULIAN WILSON and PORTNOS came a cropper. Left to right: JULIAN WILSON, J. Walters up; PORTNOS, Miss Laura Sprague up; (directly behind) ILLUMINATOR, Mr. Raymond Woolfe up; (in the foreground) UNION JACK, PFC Shirley Payne up and ALADALE, Mr. Henry Bowyer up.

1943

Horsemastership

By MARGARET DE MARTELLY

HORSE SHOES (No. 3)

Every student of horsemastership and its branches, wonders at some time or other, whether or not such a profound study of the technical side is not silly and superfluous. In the early stages of his studies he compares, in his secret soul, the horse in a well managed stable of today, with the contemporaries of the Sword Excalibur or Richard Plantagenet. He feels reasonably sure that King Arthur or Le Coeur de Lion merely mounted up and rode, knowing nothing of the science or technicalities of the horse.

It is probably true. But as these two lads played rather roughly, using spears with reckless abandon, their horses were usually exterminated at a tender age. Therefore, they cannot be compared with the 20-year-old hunter of today, that has taught the whole family to top timber. We shall probably never know whether they had a more successful system of shoeing and so forth.

However, we do know that they sent their heroes forth to battle, though armour clad, with no more formidable weapons than spears, battle axes and a pocket full of rocks and they didn't have sulpha-nilamide.

Science does progress with the centuries. Its progress has intensified the art of riding. It has prolonged the life span of the horse to say nothing of the rider.

We of today, then, enjoy the results of research, experiments, successes and failures of those who have gone before. Future generations will, no doubt, smile and wonder how we got along with so little knowledge. Horse shoeing is, without a doubt, the most important factor in the whole equation.

In the foregoing chapters we have discussed hoof structure, anatomy and preparation of all of the hoof except the weight bearing surface.

Nature has provided a guide to determine the amount of horn to be removed from the weight bearing surface of the hoof. This guide is the white line. It is the ring of soft, white horn which is the junction of the horny sole and wall. Above the white line is the sensitive laminae, sometimes called the "quick". When the white line is uncovered, no more

horn should be removed.

Dead horn is flakey and crumbles at the touch of the knife. Live horn is tough and pliable. If the growth of horn has developed unevenly, the wall is trimmed first at the point where the most is to be cut away. The same amount can then be removed over the entire surface. Thus the balance of the foot is maintained.

The correct size of the shoe to be used is determined by the position of the nail holes. The nail holes nearest the heels should occur approximately at the bend of the quarters.

A plate shoe, especially in front, should be used whenever conditions permit. A calk shoe gives more secure footing but their constant use may cause lameness. If the condition of the terrain warrants their use for long stretches, a bar shoe should be used.

If too much horn has been removed from the weight bearing surface, the hoof should be packed with tar and oakum. A leather pad is then applied between the hoof and the shoe and nailed in place with the shoe. This tar pack will help avoid lameness.

Corresponding feet (left and right fore, etc.) should be prepared, examined and compared before either is applied.

In inspecting the newly shod horse, the following points should receive careful examination.

See that the corresponding feet are the same size.

Note the balance of the feet in relation to the limb, viewing from front and side.

Be sure that the angle of the wall of the hoof at the toe is a stream-lined continuation of the angle of the pastern.

The plane of the weight bearing surface should be at right angles with the column of the leg.

The outline of the shoe should follow the outline of the hoof from the bend of the quarter on one side across the toe, to the bend of the quarter on the other side. It should be fitted with slight fullness around the toe. From the bend of the quarter to the heel, the shoe leaves the outline of the hoof and branches slightly outward. This is the region of the bars of the hoof. The bars regulate expansion and contraction of the hoof during motion. If the shoe is fitted too close in this area, there will be no expansion and serious difficulties may result. Fullness at this point also makes allowance for normal growth of horn between shoeings. The branches of the shoe should be sufficiently wide to cover the buttresses and should be even with the bulbs of the frog. If heel calks are used, the branches should extend a little beyond the bulbs.

The shoe should fit the bearing surface securely and evenly. Nail heads must not project to a noticeable degree beyond the surface of the shoe. Neither must they be too deeply inserted in the crease of the shoe.

The nails should emerge high enough on the wall, in strong, sound horn, to provide strength and security, but no higher. They should not be too big for the weight of the shoe. The weight of the shoe, is, of course, governed by the type of animal and the work he must do. The clinches should be smooth, tight and sufficiently thick for security.

Last, and very important, see that the rasp has not been used on the wall of the hoof.

A Day With The Limerick

Continued from Page Twelve

gusto, and shortly beheld hounds in the distance. They were once more at fault and casting about to recover the line, so I was easily restored to a respectable position in the hunt. I wondered what would have become of us all if the hunt had been fast, as it often is, even in Limerick, and ever since that day, have been hoping to get back there to find out for myself. The cursed war has stopped all that. I have heard of the death in battle of one of the staff who was setting the pace that day. God bless his soul.

Many more dykes had to be crossed and were crossed, until I felt sure I had enough of them, before we got out of the dyke country, and came again to the other kind of country, where the land was higher and dykes no longer featured the landscape. Now the pace began to quicken, and we were moving along briskly, when I had more trouble. This time it was an ordinary bank with no ditch, rather high but not formidable, except for the growth on top of it. There were a lot of dead-looking saplings fringing the summit, with an opening plenty wide enough for a horse to get through at one point, which looked good to me, but before I could get there, a hard-going young sport beat me to it. I eased up to let him have his way, and as his horse alighted on top of the bank, he seemed to kick one of those dead saplings loose so that it fell right across the opening where I had to go. I was already on the way, and could not pull up if I wanted to. I knew we were in for a spill before we took off, and sure enough we got it. The mare's feet went under the sapling, the only place they could go, and she landed on her nose and knees. I slid off, harmlessly enough, and to my great delight, was back in the saddle almost as soon as she was on her feet. I was further cheered by the Master, who came galloping alongside as we got going again, inquired for my well-being, and waved for me to come and join him in the jolly good pace at which they were now going. This I was pleased to do, to the best of my ability, and all went well for a couple of miles, until another episode served as a kind of punctuation mark.

We came to one of those numerous old desmesnes; the remains of a grand old mansion, surrounded by a great area of garden, lawn and so on, in an exaggerated state of delapidation. The place looked to be enclosed all around, by a high brick wall, and was inhabited by a wild and angry lot of people, who resented the sudden invasion. It could not be called anything less than invasion, when a furious pack of hounds, followed by a crowd of horses and riders, now much reduced but still numbering thirty or forty, came thundering in the main entrance, and dashed across the lawn as fast as they could get through the wilderness of shrubbery and trees which over-grew it. The residents rushed out waving sticks, dish-cloths and what not, in a menacing manner, but had no effect to turn us aside. Just how hounds got through, I never knew, but the riders, or some of them, came to a sudden stop at the brick wall on the far side, where the wall was pierced by a small gate-way, obviously for the use of pedestrians. -The original gate had long since disintegrated, and its place was taken by a patchwork of old boards, nailed up so as to terminate, for the present at least, the use of that place for exit or entrance.

At a word from the Master one of the hunt servants proceeded with feet, hands and anything he could lay hold of, to tear away the obstructing boards. An angry man rushed up, gesticulating wildly, and determined to stop this meddling with his closed gate-way. The Master jumped from his horse and mingled volubly in the melee. Others were advancing to take part on each side of the controversy. In the meantime hounds had gone. It looked like a riot, or the culmination of an ancient feud, maybe, or what else, I could not think. At all events it was none of my business, so I left hurriedly, and only had a little way to go, to find a large open gate, through which I slipped. I never found out why the rest of them made all that trouble, when the gate was so close by, or how the trouble ended. The Master lived through it, for I saw him not long after, looking quite unperturbed. I never like to ask questions, especially in Ireland, so there were many things which I never found out.

The day was not over. I soon managed to come up with hounds again, as did the belated huntsman and a few others. The line led now, not into a dilapidated old demesne, but to a beautiful, well-kept desmesne, a most elaborate estate. I have forgotten whose it was, but it was a marvelous tract of land, including fine bits of woodland, velvet-like pastures, excellent roads winding about, and a great mansion, standing like a presiding genius over the whole business. Among other unusual features, we came to an extremely high plank fence. It was obviously a new fence, immaculate with white paint. The height of it made it out of reach for any horse I ever saw, and I wondered what would happen now. Hounds were again at a loss, hopelessly so, I thought, but the hard-headed huntsman persisted in casting everywhere. This fence lay athwart his course. What should he do but call several to his aid, and proceed to tear it down. A car could have driven through the hole they made. Probably the owner was on intimate terms with the hunt people, and did not care. For all I know he might have been out with us. I was too far gone with fatigue and emptiness, even to inquire. The incident was quite unavailing as hounds never did anything more with the hunted fox. They did open again, causing me an agony of despair lest it be a fresh fox, and the performance would begin all over again, but it proved this time to be a hare. This seemed to convince everybody that the situation was hopeless and hounds were taken up.

Long afterwards when I got rested I thought about the two demesnes, and how commendable it was to treat the rich and the poor alike. The Limerick was no respecter of persons. That night at the inn, a stalwart Englishman who had been out with us, but withdrew at an early hour, asked me, from pure curiosity, I am sure, and not from concern for my welfare, if I had not gotten tired. I had enough strength left to scoff at the idea in replying to him. I express the hope now, however, that the fatigue experienced by those so unfortunate as to read this account, will be far less than mine after that day afield. The official report in the Limerick paper said that "It was a really fine hunt of two hours and twenty minutes over delightful country. Though scent was never of the best, hounds worked splendidly and a seven mile point was achieved."

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WAR and the HORSE



Jeep And Mule

When the Washington Post comes out with a large headline:—"Jeep can't match Mule in African Hills," readers of The Chronicle are apt to chuckle . . . for have we not known that all along? Along the Gabes road, back in the hills . . . the various units of his Division which are in advanced positions over that road have to be supplied with provisions and replenishments of ammunition . . . Terry Allen has gone back to the pack trains to carry out these missions. He is certainly familiar with their usefulness . . . his years of Border Service along the Rio Grande have taken care of that.

General Somervell's Letter

The letter by the General in Command of the Supply Forces may have had a very intense meaning in the maintenance of adequate animal replacements. He has certainly received the support of the publications that have this activity at heart. Might it not be possible that the need for this form of hauling power, from both atop and in the collar, will become a far more serious one than at present is apparent? In any event should we not be properly prepared for the Nation's call, if and when it comes in such a clamor that our present supply is strained to the utmost?

Australian Letter

After Guadalcanal, Lt. Tom Watson was sent to the Australian mainland to build up physically for further action. His duties have included lecturing on the Japanese tactics, which will benefit those who are preparing to go onto that front.

It is fortunate that we can give excerpts from one of his letters to his family:—"The lecturing goes on and I am enjoying it more and more. Treleaven and I have quite a reputation in this neck of the woods. I am very serious and try to tell these people just what we saw and found out about the little yellow men. Then Lew steps in and lays them in the isles with humorous stories about the daily life on the island. We then run while they are laughing, it works so far."

This lecturing has taken me into far more homes and with much nicer people than would have been probable without such an introduction. The other day I talked to 1,000 young airmen and was then taken to dinner by the Commandant of all the air forces of this country. He is quite a man and has a charming wife. The dinner was excellent. I have also met 2 cabinet ministers, the head of the racing commission—who gave me a member's pass to all the courses in the state.

It's so much nicer to see the races from the Clubhouse roof and send

your bets down by a boy who also brings you drinks between races. It doesn't do your military career any harm either to give Colonel ---- or General ---- a friendly salute from the winner's ring as they peer through the wire fence! (I'm not really getting that way.)"

Then there is enclosed a booklet of the Victoria Amateur Turf Club, Autumn Meeting, Feb. 13, 1943 (which looks funny till you realize that the seasons are reversed down there). There are 7 races, opening is a 2 mile hurdle, for \$1,600, with 14 horses listed. Closing with 2 welter races for the same purses, over a mile of running with 25 horses to each, listed. A 5 furlong for 2-year-olds names 30 for \$3,000. Then a mile and ½ for \$4,000, listing 12. Another 5½ furlongs with 30 for \$5,200, and 9 furlongs for \$4,000, with 14, are the other races. The calculation of the purses is based on \$4 to the pound.

Ben Lear Retires

Lieutenant-General Ben Lear is about to reach retirement age. There have been a few cavalry officers who have become subjects of many yarns in the barracks and tents of the troopers of Uncle Sam's Cavalry. Tommy Tomkins, Gallopin Jim Parker, Price Adams, Si Hawkins, L. A. I. Chapman, Tommy Van Natta, Gus McComb, Guy V. Henry, there are just ever so many of them—and John J. Pershing is still here ranking them all. Perhaps there are few that have been just exactly in the category of "old Ben Lear"—it is very typical that he is quoted as saying, recently:—"That soldiers are under army law, civil law is not so different and embodies the same principles of good conduct and good manners. A good soldier is a good fellow, a good comrade, and a good civilian is the same." Just let's remember that "Old Ben Lear" has been something more than a good soldier for a long span of years, he will also be a grand civilian.

School Of Generals

To The Editor.

Your recent article by Margaret de Martelly, anent "The School of our Generals", prompts me to add a few observations based on the most recent developments.

The stables are still here, but alas, no mounts. The hounds are still here but retired to an unwelcome life of retirement. Where I. P. Swift once roared at his students, Gen. "A", that mythical C-S of the invulnerable 1st. Div., now issues directives, right and left, to female officers of the U. S. Army (WAACS) shades of Garry Owen!

There is, however, one familiar note, Armies still tramp round and about Gettysburg and Dug Hill Ridge always shunts the Armored at attack to the South West flank.

The course now lasts 12 weeks and consists of both the GSS class and the SOS class. Gruber Hall has a concrete floor and has been wired for sound, though when Gen. "A", pulls the rabbit out of the hat, you can hear a pin drop.

Where Cavalry Corps once galloped across the platform, we now shove the Umsteenth Armored and then try to keep the 100,000 gals of gas

close to a truck head.

However the assembly line system of making Staff Officers appears to work, so in this class they'll turn out about 650.

Regards, James C. Burns, Maj. Cav. Joint-Master, 1st Cav. Div. Hunt Student 12th General Staff Class.

Another Ex-Master Is Now A General

Quite by accident we heard the other day that Billy Wyche of the Field Artillery is now stationed at Camp Hoffman. He now has the full title of Major-General Ira T. Wyche, no one could carry it better than he will either. He was at one time Master of the pack at Fort Sill, and did a good job of that, too. His wife was Miss Louise Dunn, whose father, when attache in Rome was mostly responsible for organizing the pack there. Mrs. Wyche is just as keen a horsewoman as they make them, knows what horses are all about, too.

We heard that the General was having his big bay gelding shipped down to him, perhaps it is the same that he had back some years ago at Fort Sill. Anyway there is another on our growing list of men in high office in this man's army, for us to follow.

Pinehurst

Continued from Page Four

fortunate, too. With Mickey Walsh up Astore won the green hunters, with 2 of the Elkins' horses 2nd and 3rd—in Starwood and Chetwood. Beau Geste won the bridle hack class, with owner, Miss Paula Dejanze of Paris, France up. Then Astore won the touch-and-out, with Starwood 2nd. Dark Victory, Mrs. W. O. Moss' horse from Southern Pines placed 3rd. However Starwood turned around and cleaned up in the ladies' hunters, with Mrs. Moss up—while Astore, Kathleen Walsh up could only take second money. Dark Victory again going 3rd with his owner topside. Then the Haywoods closed the show by Chuck winning the under 12 class. If there are any errors in this we ask you to forgive, also omissions—it came late at night over news telegraph, so as to "make" the issue today. This chap Chester I. Williams lets no grass grow while he is getting news to press, more power to him.

Cleveland

Continued from Page Five

ow, Sally Stuart; Trumpet, Elizabeth Easley.

Horsemanship—students of West High School—Trumpet, Elaine Root; Moonshine, Eileen Poole; Dakota, Elaine Urquhart.

Horsemanship—extra class—Sue, Billy O'Neill; Skiddoo, Jimmy Easley; Lucky, Barbara Engel.

Horsemanship—riders to be 12 years and under. Privately owned horses—Kay Johnson, Victory Girl; Martha Sawyer, Silver Dollar; Lou O'Neill, Prosperity.

Pairs of Hunters of Jumpers—8 jumps to be taken abreast. Open to all—Blaze Turpin, Joe O'Neill and Hunger Hill, Shirley O'Brien; Crespin, Barbara Black and Majaju, Margot Harris; Model Boy, Leona Glover and Impey, Kate Ireland.

Extra Class—Knock down and out—professionals to ride—Hunger Hill, Kenny Winchell; Brown Horse, Harry Swan; Sterling, Harry Swan.

Road Hack—riders to be 13 years and over. Private horses—Blaze Turpin, Shirley O'Brien; Lady Anne, Ruth Kaple; Chance, Joan Paxton.

Road Hack—Black Night, Mary Jane Davis; Moonshine, Joanne Little; Darkey, Emily Frum.

Deep Run

Continued from Page Five

gal. Miss Anne Cone rode the Smith entry, which was only a half-point behind. Attagal also took a fourth in the Corinthian.

Hydrogyro also placed third in the open class and Carefree, ridden by his owner, collected a third in the green event in addition to his second in the open number.

Will Prevail stood a good chance of being in the ribbons in the open-to-all until he was unable to make the sharp turn into the stone wall and jumped a plank fence alongside, which disqualified him in that class.

Miss Mary S. Giese's Value Received, a Hilton Village entry, was making her first appearance away from home and the bay daughter of Good Goods turned in a clever round to take a fourth in the green class. Kenneth Wilson rode.

Judges were James H. Blackwell and W. A. Rinehart, of Charlottesville, Va., and Forest Taylor, M. F. H. of the Glenmore Hunt, Staunton, Va.

The results follow:

Green hunters—Won by Briar Patch Stable's Ragnarock; second, Miss Laura Jane Atkinson's Tina Blaze; third, Walter Craigie's Carefree; fourth, Miss Mary S. Giese's Value Received.

Members' class—Won by T. B. Gay's Will Prevail; second, C. Archer Smith's Attagal; third, Lieutenant Verser Todd's and Ollie Devine's Huntsman's Pride; fourth, Dr. James Ass. Shield's Peve.

Open-to-all hunters—Won by Ensign Alexander Rives' Easter Eve; second, Walter Craigie's Carefree; third, Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry's Hydrogyro; fourth, Briar Patch Stable's Ragnarock.

Corinthian—Won by Mr. and Mrs. Perry's Hydrogyro; second, Briar Patch Stable's Ragnarock; third, Ensign Rives' Easter Eve; fourth, Mr. Smith's Attagal.

Farmington

Continued from Page Five

Garth Road, where two big roaring fires awaited us, also plenty of good food and cheer, after the cold afternoon.

Summaries

Open to all—1. Easter Eve, Alexander Rives; 2. Mr. Ha Ha, Rodger Rinehart; 3. Short Hair, Ellie Wood Keith; 4. Nairdang, Mrs. Winship Nunnally.

Ladies' hunters—1. Golden Slippers, Mrs. Robert H. Schlesinger; 2. Primevera, Ellie Wood Keith; 3. Her March, Doris Rafferty; 4. Easter Eve, Alexander Rives.

Half-bred hunters—1. Hydrogyro, Mrs. W. Haggin Perry; 2. Meat Ball, James Blackwell; 3. Her March, Doris Rafferty; 4. Easter Eve, Alexander Rives.

Registered Thoroughbred hunters—1. Mr. Ha Ha, Rodger Rinehart; 2. Primevera, Ellie Wood Keith; 3. Short Hair, Miss Keith; 4. Overcome, Dr. J. P. Jones.

Hunt Teams—1. Farmington, No. 1. Overcome, Grenadier Guard and Meat Ball; 2. Farmington, No. 2, Mr. Ha Ha, Pamuck and Daisy Court; 3. Keswick Hunt.

Potomac

Continued from Page Eleven

have the full responsibility of carrying on.

Despite the many handicaps, we had a very successful season just past, and our pack is in excellent condition. It has been determined to reduce the pack to 20 old hounds, and to introduce into it for next season 7 very fine puppies which we bred and raised.

We are all determined to carry on our hunt through these very trying times.

Very truly yours,
F. Moran McConahy

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

specimens of her handiwork. We stand before them, if more than superficially trying to comprehend them in our so-limited and finite way, with a feeling in which awe must always be one of the component elements.

Occasionally, if in addition to their greatness they possess also that intimacy and warmth of appeal which speaks at once to the heart, we assume to take them upon a somewhat lower plane than as if they towered before us in the impressiveness of their majesty. In such cases it takes longer, for the most of us, to appreciate them to the full and it is not until they stand acknowledged upon the highest pinnacle that we know them for what they truly are.

A horse of the latter class was the dead **Equipoise**, who, during his lifetime—and, indeed, in death and after it—was pursued by a clique of malicious and hostile detractors bent upon his “deflation.”

By the great public he was admired—nay, loved—with a warmth and loyalty which nothing could undermine. But this feeling was quite different from that attending **Man o'War**, who imposed upon the entire world of horsemen a sentiment of sheer wonder and homage not unlike that with which one contemplates some mighty mountain peak or the full splendor of the noon-day sun.

He is not and never has been a horse with which anybody can take liberties. Of the hundred of thousands of visitors to his home, allured by the extent of his renown and the glamour that is attached to his mere name, very few have ever been allowed to approach him closely, and fewer still to lay so much as a flickering finger upon him. He tolerates no familiarity. What in the old-fashioned phrase we might call his “high-mightiness” is so part and parcel of his personality that it is never for an instant doffed or departed from.

It is not, however, that feverish, fretful, irascible, ungovernable tempestuousness of make-up that distinguished the great **St. Simon**; neither is it that positive hostility to the world which made **Barcaldine**. one might say, to be feared in the active as well as in the passive voice.

Man o'War belongs not in such categories. It is not fear that he instinctively inspires but awe and veneration. One does not venture upon attempts at intimacy with him because instinctively one feels that it would be unfitting and impudent.

Several years ago the writer spent a week at Faraway Farm as the guest of Mr. Riddle. It was when the farm residence was still secluded from the general public, the present one, near by the entrance to the estate, not having been built at that date.

The time was early spring—March to be precise—and the broodmares and their new-born foals surrounded us on all sides. Most of our time was passed among them—and at the stallion stables where, beside **Man o'War**, there were then quartered his three famous sons **American Flag**, **Crusader** (both now dead) and **Mars**.

It was the height of the breeding season, and then, as is but natural, service stallions are apt to be more than usually fretful, nervous and

difficult to manage. As one purpose of my visit was to make an intimate, first-hand study of **Man o'War**, the individual, at first I was in considerable doubt about just how it might work out.

But I need not have been.

Several hours of every day were spent with him and his sons. And to my relief, as also somewhat to my surprise, I found him as perfect mannered, if always in his own imperial way, as the most exacting critic might demand.

At one time and another there was scarcely an inch of his body that I did not have my hand upon. I even got down beneath him the better to study and measure his limbs and feet. And with an acquiescence that was beyond my utmost expectation, he permitted me to handle his ears, span the breadth between his eyes and note the exact proportions and modeling of the bony processes of his entire head.

Not once did he disclose the slightest tendency to resentment or betray other than the occasional restiveness that almost any high-bred animal will under prolonged observation for which it is obliged to pose.

But the old saying, “Familiarity breeds contempt” did not in the slightest manner result. On the contrary, I left him, at the end of the week, with a still greater feeling of veneration than at its beginning.

Previously I had often visited him in a casual way and without any special privileges for studying him. And since then I have many times looked in upon him to refresh myself with the sight of his grandeur and renew my faith in the breed which has produced him. He is now, in the orderly process of nature, “nearing the end.” It is several seasons since my last call upon him—and not impossibly I may not see him again before he closes his career.

But the thought of him, his mental image as it rises before me, the feeling with which he has inspired me—nothing can ever dim or diminish them, or cause me to be less grateful that I have lived in his time and been so fortunate as to comprehend to the full the wonder that he is.

Welsh Ponies

Continued from Page One

riding and driving classes. After one of the larger New York State Shows, which has a large pony entry, the veteran judge commented to Capt. Bassett:—“That little gray Welsh pony mare is absolutely the prettiest thing in horse-flesh that I have ever seen”, which, Capt. Bassett himself comments, “is a pretty good way to have a judge feel toward an entry you are showing.”

The appeal of the Welsh pony is because of its usefulness. They are large enough so they can be ridden and directed during their training by a light adult horseman. They are small enough so that a young rider feels at home on their backs, and small hands and legs fall naturally into position for maximum security. They have a strong square trot which makes them ideal to pull a pony cart. They are large enough and strong enough to pull a surprisingly large load of passengers.

The ponies are now on the Bassett's Ontario farm, across the border, near Ridgeway, Ontario. I hope that this will help in the special issue of your paper, stressing the usefulness of ponies at this time.

Great Run Farm

Continued from Page One

ched, 3 years old and 12.2 hands. They were raised on the farm and have been ridden by children up to 14 years old. I have another pair of dappled chestnuts standing 10.2, respectively an 8-year-old mare and a 6-year-old gelding. With their flaxen manes and tails, they are a picture and have well proven to me that I made no mistake when I bought them from Mrs. Hartley Dodge, in New Jersey, sight unseen, save for their photographs.

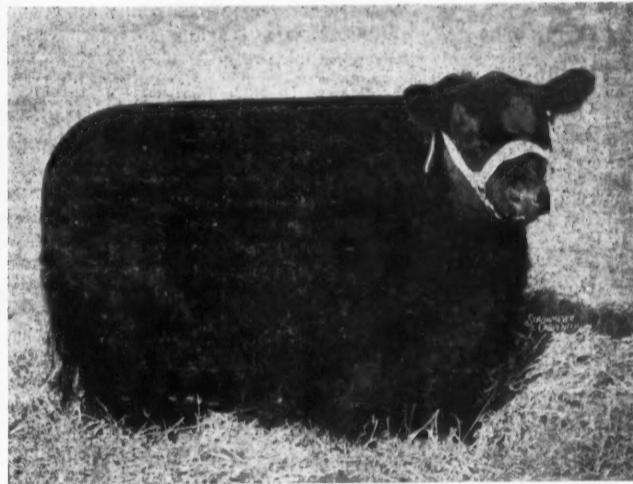
Then there are two which are old pets, for they are all pets for that matter. One is a black gelding, 7 years old and standing 11.1. He has won countless blues in the pony shows, in his classes at other shows too. This showing has included ride, drive, and jumping classes, always handled by children about 10 years of age. The little chap's mate is a grand iron gray, which sired the young filly I have in the nursery. He has since been gelded. He is 5 years old and a little over 10.2. The two of them drive splendidly together. Of the two the iron gray is fit to ride over the fields with any child on his back, however the black is a bit more lively.

I drive all of these ponies in pairs, four-in-hands or sixes. In single or pair harness. I never take anyone with me, it is not necessary, only

when going as four or sixes, it is then well to take a man along. They tool through town in exemplary fashion. The handling has always been done by me or my force of small boys who ride for me. They have velvet mouths and parlor manners, a keen sense of understanding and I really think they are a superb collection.

As to their breeding, some are Welsh and some half hackney, I have no Shetlands. I do have one baby coming along, a 2-year-old by the gray I mentioned, who is now gelded. She is almost white and in another year or so will make a real place for herself with the rest. I sincerely hope that this brief outline will add to your general cross-section of information about ponies which I am really glad you have asked us to give you—this summer, if parents will give thought to acquiring ponies for their children, they will find that the vacation times take care of themselves. The numerous errands that children can perform give reason for the investment, apart from the fact that nothing can replace the education it is for young boys and girls to have the responsibility of a pony on their hands.” Mrs. R. C. W.

(Editors Note:—The Great Run Pony Farm is situated at Clovelly Farm, Springs Road, outside Warrenton, Va. There are all kinds of ponies and they range from 12.2 hands down to 10.2.)

MISS MINIVER OF REDGATE

she sells in

Eastern Regional Aberdeen-Angus Sale
Wednesday, April 21 Trenton, New Jersey

Our Consignment Includes:

This show ring daughter (Pictured above) of **ROCK REVOLUTION**—Greatest Breeding Son of **REVOLUTION OF PAGE** 2nd, International Grand Champion.

REVOLUTION 6" of **REDGATE** (Ready for service) an outstanding young son of **ROCK REVOLUTION**.

Six beautiful daughters of **ROCK REVOLUTION**, Great Sire of Show ring winners, 2 safe in calf to **GENERAL BLACKCAP OF REDGATE**, 1 with heifer calf at foot by **GENERAL 6"** of **PAGE** and Rebred to **GENERAL OF REDGATE** 5th. 3 Selling open.

An outstanding young daughter of **GENERAL 6th OF PAGE**.

A daughter of **PRINCE EXCELLENT OF DON HEAD**—sire of the 1941 Grand Champion cow, Virginia State Fair.

Visitors Welcome

HERD T. B. AND BANGS ACCREDITED

EDWARD JENKINS, Owner **GEORGE CHRISTIE, Mgr.**

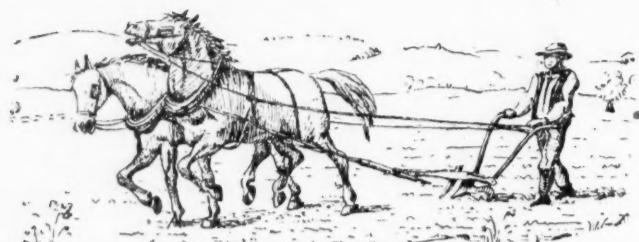
Inspection Invited**RED GATE FARM**

In the blue grass section of Virginia

Millwood, Virginia

10 miles east of Winchester, Va., 65 miles West of Washington, D. C.
on U. S. Route No. 50

FARMING in WAR TIME



Shenandoah Valley Polled Shorthorn Breeders

The sale of Polled Shorthorns at Winchester on the 30th of this month offers 10 bulls and 30 females. The animals come from small but select herds, grown on the best of blue grass. There is no breed of beef cattle that will convert a commercial herd of grade cattle into beef production more readily than will Shorthorns.

The farm owner who will gather in a herd of fair type cows from anywhere—even adding to the number essentially dairy stock such as Holsteins, can run a Shorthorn bull with them, sell off the old cows as occasion offers and in a very few seasons he will have a herd of roans, reds and whites, with the beef bodies to go with the colors.

It is well to wash out the horns, these have to be either taken off when the calf is young, or bred out—with the Polled Shorthorn there is a strong element that will help toward the last and better method. We do not go into the respective offerings, but we do urge all Chronicle

readers who are within a reasonable distance of Winchester, which is most accessible, to attend this sale. Mix with the breeders who are there and possibly buy a starter for their consumption by beefeves of the season's grass.

If a bull is not purchased for use this year, it is a marvellous opportunity to procure a female in calf, of with calf at foot—you will at once be growing the purchase into money. You will also have the means of bettering whatever herd you now have, at a future time; either by using the calf, be he a bull, or maintaining a pure strain by the later purchase of a bull, through the contacts you will be able to make at this sale.

This writer urges the Thoroughbred for the capable horseman's use—he also urges the Polled Shorthorn for the farmer who wishes to make enough from his farm to carry a few Thoroughbreds through this period of scant horse sales. Castle Hill.

Cattle Sales Offer An Opportunity To Stock Up Pastures

BY CASTLE HILL

This is the season for the cattle sales. Owners of good pasture farms who have been wise enough to have their fields grazed enough to allow the low white clover (which Prof. Johnson-Wallace always emphasized so carefully) to have a chance, should again graze down rather hard so that this same nitrogen inducer can go to work.

They may want fall returns, which can be obtained by buying cows with calves at foot, in a commercial herd, this will allow of good feeders. Or they can buy young thin feeders this spring—carry them on pasture this summer and let them go to the winter feeding men in the fall.

In the first program, they should breed their cows by placing the bull back with the herd in June and July so as to give next year's crop an even break of coming in March and April of the next year. It is really worth while to arrange the calf crop to come at the same time. The grass can soon be used for the mothers and their calves and also the saleable harvest will be an even lot for the buyers to view.

Purchase of a good bull is imperative—he is one half the herd and his influence is well worth the price that may have to be invested in him. These sales offer an opportunity to acquire the right bulls, also to improve the herd by a few high class cows, the gradual infusion

Life Of Jack In Hunt Country Is Busy One

Over in Middleburg, the last thing one would think of would be mule breeding. To go out to Mississippi, Missouri or some other of those states where cotton, or such other crop that needs cultivating is grown—one naturally looks for the old "long ears". But here in the "Heart of the Hunting Country" as they call it, surely a case of being "infra dig" to have a Jack.

However, talking to Mrs. Whitney, that good farmer at Llanguollen, we were told that a Jack was actually over there. In fact the good lady was somewhat indignant. It seemed she had sold some pretty good Percheron mares, clean bred ones that had won ribbons in the shows in fact, to H. E. Talbott. The Jack, after having spent a peaceful childhood at the University of Tennessee, had been bought by that same one time really good polo player. Brought to the hunting country, perhaps to breed to some of the mares that could not produce 'chasers fast enough to keep warm.

Anyway, these perfectly well bred French aristocrats (or descendants thereof) were bred to the Tennessee

of this blood will soon tell on the herd as a unit.

It is recommended that polled cattle be purchased, at least as far as the bull is concerned. His influence will undoubtedly result in a percentage of polled calves, which will eliminate the stunting effect of dehorning the calves which need full leeway to grow on into size and beef.

ean—and to add insult to injury, this same Jack, does not have to walk on his tours of the hunting country in quest of damsels fair. He is taken in a trailer, from over the top of which his ears can be seen flopping gently, in perfect rythm with the swing of his carriage (or trailer).

Says his coachman Grimes, who was loathe to expatiate on his charge, "that Jack has taken unto his court some 100 dames this season"—verily the life of a Jack in the hunting country is a busy one! It is said he has been bred to Percherons of aristocratic blood, to Thoroughbreds, originally destined for better or should we say loftier aims—to all and sundry sorts, save that they have all been lusty and suited to mother the goodly mule.

Something tells us that they may not be so far wrong over "In the Heart"—it may have taken a polo player to enlighten them—but this raising of mules instead of hunters, well it may prove seemly and timely.

Herbert's Hill Farms, Inc. R. D. 6, West Chester, Pa.

Breeders of

ABERDEEN-ANGUS the profitable Beef Cattle

We have consigned for the Regional Aberdeen-Angus Breeders Sale to be held at Trenton, N. J. April 20th and 21st, 1943, a daughter of ENVIOUS BLACKCAP B. 10th, a heifer that will look well in anybody's herd.

JOHN GEROW, Manager

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

TENNESSEE

JOHNSTON FARMS
Polled and Horned Hereford Cattle
McDonald, Tennessee

VIRGINIA

ANNEFIELD PLANTATIONS Choice Aberdeen-Angus Cattle W. B. WATKINS -- Berryville, Va.

CHAPEL HILL FARM ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 59725 T. B. and Bangs Accredited DAVID R. DONOVAN, Mgr. Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS Cows from the best horned and polled families Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLD A few promising calves (horned and polled) now available White Post, Va.

REGISTERED ABERDEEN-ANGUS BREEDING STOCK Inspection Invited — Visitors Welcome George Christie Edward Jenkins Manager Owner RED GATE, MILLWOOD, VA.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE International Grand Champion Bulls on straight Scotch Foundation females. Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age. MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH Farnley Farm White Post, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA

OLIVEBOY REGISTERED HEREFORDS PRINCE DOMINO (MISCHIEFS) JAMES M. WOLFE Charles Town, W. Va. Phone 5-F-34

20 BULLS

125 FEMALES

THE EASTERN REGIONAL ABERDEEN-ANGUS SALE

Sponsored by the American Aberdeen-Angus Breeders' Association

Wednesday, April 21, 1943

Trenton, New Jersey

Arranged for your comfort and convenience—

Don't worry about gas and tires

Come to Trenton by train—Sale arranged in mid-week to avoid travel congestion—excellent hotel facilities—bus service to sale grounds.

**Show at 1 p. m. Tuesday, April 20
Sale 10 a. m. Wednesday, April 21**

All your friends will be there!

Breeding stock consigned from the top herds of the North and Southeast—All animals from T. B. and Bangs accredited herds.

It's the Opportunity Sale of the Year.

Send for Catalog

W. Alan McGregor, Sales Manager, Worton, Maryland

**TRUCKS WILL BE AVAILABLE TO TAKE HOME
ANIMALS YOU BUY!**

SHOW AND SALE

THE COLOSSEUM, NEW JERSEY FAIR GROUNDS,
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

Representing Top Herds of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England.

20 BULLS

125 FEMALES

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1943

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE NINETEEN

A Stock Farm

Continued from Page One

from horseback. In short, fencing is as it should be, where the matter of keeping the herd bull separated is important. He could be placed in any of the fields on the place. Not many farms can say the same.

Then, there are deep sheds in every so many fields, more for shelter and windbreaks, the rough measurements are 18' deep by 50' long, with a loft above for hay storage. They are constructed on rising ground and timbered with oak.

Water is in every field, as far as I could tell. In fact, one of the treasures of the place is a "run" that traverses the pastures in front of the house, dammed at the head to always insure a head of water.

The buildings are, I would imagine, much about as they had been in the original farm. Except that some smaller ones may have been added.

The point that makes sense here is that there are plenty of them and lots of good box stalls, a decent amount of hay room. Above all, plenty of small paddocks all over the place, around the buildings, for this is an outdoor, open air farm.

Now to the feeding end of this establishment, and by now you will have realized that it is quite worthy of the name. Inquiry showed that Farnley has some 690 acres, of which 390 are pasture and 265 arable, the rest in woodland or scrub that has not yet been cleared. The pastures are really splendid, blue grass is luxuriant, never too closely grazed, yet enough to allow the sweet clover to have a chance in the spring, which is the great secret of success, when handling blue grass. On one of my trips down there I saw a man on a tractor, with a Scotch harrow on behind, going round the pastures as hard as he could make it. I asked the foreman about it . . . "no the tractor did not belong to them, it was hired at the times it was needed, for baling hay from the swarth and such tasks."

I was again impressed, this place did not go in for the blatant extravagance of having to own everything that made farming easy—here was an instance.

On another visit I had seen one man going out to feed a small herd of Angus heifers that they had at the time, he loaded up some bales of soy bean hay and off he went, the herd was fed. Soy bean hay is the mainstay of the Farnley stock's diet, and a successful one, too, judging by their condition. There are alfalfa pastures scattered about, too, some of them old lays and some new, but they are all good stands, because the ground had been well prepared.

One thing that is especially noticeable is the scarcity of a lot of men around. This was true before the present emergency, too, everything is done to eliminate unnecessary handling of feeds and stock. Repairs of fences and buildings are kept at a minimum because they are put up right to begin with.

But, by now you will be wondering what they do with all this useful place? They raise stock, and by that I mean they really raise it. A couple of imported Cleveland Bay stallions stand there, being used as a cross on Thoroughbred mares and on the band of purebred mares of the breed which they have in many cases imported from the "Old Country". On this last visit I saw 2 teams each of three useful looking mares going out to work. I stopped one of them to get a snap shot, asked the man riding the near mare if they were

clean bred Clevelands—not only that but they were all 3 imported, foals either at foot, or were in foal. That is how they work their land. They rent a tractor for the necessary work only.

Still staying around the buildings, there is Imp. Bowdler Brightlight, whose picture we have used so often lately in the advertisement of this grand little Welshman, just head and neck showing. He runs out all day long and is just as full of life and withal as quiet as the veriest critic of disposition would want. Then there is the big-little Imp. Hey Nonny, from the heaths of Dartmoor.

To believe in him, you have to see the cross he makes on small Thoroughbred mares, this diminutive chap really gives you what are cobs, and stout cobs. I saw one of them that the "Squire of Farnley" often uses to get around the farm on, stands 14.2, out of a $\frac{3}{4}$ -bred mare, by this lad from the prison moors of Devonshire.

Now on one side of a small pasture fence is a familiar sight to me, one that I was accustomed to in Argentina, a white Polled Shorthorn bull, and what a bull—why wouldn't he be, for Oakwood Pure Gold was an undefeated 2-year-old during 1941 and Grand Champion of the Polled Shorthorn Congress in the same year. There he was, with some sweet looking young cows of the same breed in the next paddock. You remember I mentioned the fences? The rest of the herd was off in some more distant pasture, but the farm has definitely gone to Shorthorn, Polled preferably. Knowing what I do, they can maintain a herd that will certainly keep them on the right side of the ledger.

There is one man who takes care of all cattle and the flock of sheep. He told me that they have about 100 ewes, Suffolks, the rams are purebred, he was not sure about the ewes. We saw the flock on the opposite side of the road as we went out.

lambs all over the place, none allowed to get too old before their tails came off to give them the trim marketable appearance, which makes so much difference to a shipment.

So we left the ponies, Clevelands and Shorthorns at the buildings; we took some snapshots and hope they are good. One film had been saved, for the picture we expected to get, nor were we disappointed. Up on the high side of the farm was a band of horses feeding, we went through a gate, drove up the hill, parked the old jalopy and walked over to look see.

What a conglomeration, some 40 head we counted, all with their heads down gnawing on some of the nicest, bright timothy and mixture hay we ever saw, the soy beans had at last been consumed. This was baled, but loosely bound so that it did not have

to be more than thrown down and the wires taken off to be fed with scarcely any waste. By the way they save their wire I noticed, to straighten out and use again.

I said a conglomeration—it was there were 7 big Cleveland cross

Continued on Page Twenty

Eastern West Virginia**PUREBRED****CATTLE SALE****Saturday, April 24****Charles Town, W. Va.**

Hereford Bulls 19

Hereford Females 15

A-Angus Bulls 5

A-Angus Females 11

For catalog write:

Trammell Hollis

MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

Polled Shorthorn**Yearling Bull**

(The property of Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, White Post, Va.)

TO SELL AT THE**SHENANDOAH VALLEY****POLLED SHORTHORN SALE****Winchester, Virginia****April 30th****FAIRFAX BOAZ x**

Calved March 20, 1942

A son of the great show and breeding bull OAKWOOD EMPEROR x, 1936 International Grand Champion, and NAOMI II x, by COLLYNIE STARDALE x, a full sister to the remarkable NAOMI CLIPPER x, 1942 Congress Sale Champion Female who sold for \$1,125.

Fairfax Boaz x is an even dark roan, thick and true in his lines. His pedigree combines irreproachable bloodlines from the distinguished herds of C. B. Teegardin and Sons, Ohio, Fred Blomstrom, Nebraska, David and James Burns, Ohio, etc., and his dam is a member of the highly esteemed Gordon Clipper family.

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

NAME _____

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SIGNED _____

In The Country:-



Pony Week

Picking up casually an issue of the English Horse and Hound, of the 55 head offered "for sale" or "wanted", 26 were ponies or cobs. This shows the demand over there, where they have had time enough to know what is useful. This week we offer all the information about these little chaps we can, in this paper.

At Cornell

Bill Flint, son of Charles W. "Obe" Flint of Tulsa, nephew of Paddy, currently at Casablanca, is captain of the Cornell polo team and president of Psi U house. He will probably go in the Army next month. They can always use these Flints in the service.

Riviera Notes

Alfred Meyer, one of the oldest dealers in good horses in Los Angeles, and who operated The Breakfast Club stables, recently sold out his entire stable and will in future confine himself to the buying and selling of a few select ones.

New Grooms

The Riviera Club stables are trying an experiment—using girls in the place of men as grooms, owing to the existing shortage. After all they are just following the lead set by the English, who have found it most workable.

Murdock On Leave

Lt. Louis E. Murdock, who has been stationed with the Air Force overseas, has returned to the United States. Louis stopped at the Jack Skinners in Middleburg and then left for Tucson, Arizona, where his charming wife, Catherine, has been staying. He has to report in California and then is scheduled for a 60-day leave.

Tipperary Tim's Grand National

From the Irish Field and that ever splendid column by "Barcaldine", we glean this information about a Tipperary bred, tubed 'chaser who went on in the company of Billy Barton, Great Span and the French

mare Maguelonne, who were among the survivors of a field of 42, to win the Grand National at Aintree. Easter Hero had run down the canal turn fence. The French mare was one of the greatest of her day, she had won signalily in France, she looked like winning that day, but she came down just when she was looking good. Jock Whitney bought her, and Easter Hero, but she never did much, she was sent to Ireland and bred to My Prince.

Over the big fences of Aintree is a stiff problem and it can be any one's race, but in this case it fell to one of the worst of horses to win from a batch of famous and undeniably brilliant 'chasers.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Ten

Saturday, April 24, and running through the following Friday April 30."

No comment.

I reread Salvator's column in the light of your own editorial, "A retraction" (Chronicle for April 2) in which you stated that General Herr has protested to Mr. McCormick over an editorial (Jan. 20th Tribune) which had attacked the horse—as indeed it had. As a result of General Herr's expostulation, McCormick published in the March 25 Tribune and the Washington Herald what you claimed to be "A Vindication", of the horse, a sort of apology for the Tribune's editorial of January 20th. You felt that this article, "A Vindication", written by Walter Trohan, was sufficient reason for closing the whole incident.

May I point out, however, that the Trohan article was not published on the editorial page of the Tribune, nor was it called "A Vindication"—a name which you chose to give it. It was in no sense the apology which you called it. True, it attempted to point out the uses—obvious to everyone—of the horse in warfare, but no mention was made of the earlier offending editorial of Jan. 20th, and certainly the casual reader could not have been aware that this latest piece was an about-face in editorial policy from a virulent and offensive article which had appeared earlier.

What is much more to the point is that the Jan. 20th editorial—which I have taken the trouble to look up in the archives and read carefully—was only secondarily an attack on the cavalry horse. Primarily it was a diatribe against horse racing.

against the Thoroughbred, and against those who breed such horses. This editorial said contemptuously that perhaps, during wartime, breeders might be "allowed" a "score or so" of stallions, but certainly no more of these useless appendages and hay-burners should be permitted to survive.

The chief abuse, then, was leveled at the Thoroughbred horse, and not at the cavalry horse. In that case, how can you say that Trohan's article is "A Vindication" and an apology for an earlier attack on the Thoroughbred? Trohan's paragraphs concerned themselves solely with the military uses of the horse and not once did they mention Thoroughbreds or the breeding of them. If this satisfies you it certainly does not me.

In effect, it still leaves open the whole question of the Tribune's policy towards horseracing and breeding and I think it is in this connection that Salvator's column and the Sun editorial, which I have enclosed, are especially apropos. You will observe that the Tribune announced its sponsorship of racing on the day following that issue in which the Trohan account appeared, an account which in some sense "defended" the horse. Do you suppose there is a connection?

What all this shows is that the Chicago Tribune is willing to attack the sport when it serves its political purposes to do so; when, in other words, it can attack the political policies of its opponents at the expense of sport which it is particularly essential should remain innocent of political contamination and has, generally speaking, been successful in doing so.

Personally, I prefer my hypocrisy a little less undiluted.

Yours very truly, John Portz.

(Editor's Note:—We left this matter closed, allowing Walter Trohan's article to go as a sort of vindication, generally speaking. Mr. Portz's letter is so excellent that we feel obliged to present it. Thanks Mr. Portz.)

A Stock Farm

Continued from Page Nineteen

hunters with their winter saddles and stockings still clearly showing. They had been turned out 'or their well-earned rest after a season carrying the Master of the Blue Ridge Hunt, quite an undertaking in itself, as he knows only one way to follow hounds. Brood mares, Thoroughbreds and some not quite, but all good roomy mares for breeding purposes. Young prospects coming along and almost ready for spring handling. But there were the ponies, too, all ages and sizes, getting their share with the rest of the giants around them—it takes a good horse to oust a pony away from his selected morsel. They all looked healthy and bright, the terrain lent itself to the development of balance and muscle, by reason of its ruggedness. The very fact that they all mingle together makes for disposition and yet ability to take care of themselves.

We didn't even go up to the house, we had seen all we could even sketchily report on that afternoon. That is how Farnley is doing its bit, not only in production but in a splendid example to others who think of becoming horse farmers, grass farmers, at any rate farmers who will

have the satisfaction of seeing a well laid plan work out. The ratio is close to 700 acres, carrying 100 head of horses, 50 head of cattle, 100 head of sheep, the 1943 calves, foals and lambs are still to be counted. Yes they DO raise stock on this Clarke County farm. And that stock lives outdoors.

This has wandered away from the original objective, ponies—but there are plenty there, they ride, drive and hunt.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The Chronicle welcomes the following new subscribers for the week of April 9th, 1943:

Mr. Hugh O'Neill, Jr., Ohio.
Miss Mary Welkensky,
New York.
Mrs. P. A. Rosborough,
Illinois.
Pvt. James F. Powers,
New Jersey.

The Chronicle wishes to thank the following persons who have submitted lists of prospective subscribers during the past week:

Dorothea Holt, North Carolina.
Mrs. R. W. Mitchell, Virginia.
Paul A. Draper, Massachusetts.
Lewis E. Waring, New York.
A Fort Riley subscriber.

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WANTED—Hunter, sound, good conformation and disposition. 16 hands or over. Well bred, gelding preferred. Box DW. The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.

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